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DESOLATION.

BY A. L. SALMON.

There is a common form of misery
That tears away all cloaking and disguise,
That thrusts its weakness in its neighbor's eyes,
And says to all men, "Look, and pity me!"

There is a grief whose forceful agony
Will not be hid, though hard the spirit tries—
A grief whose wretchedness to heaven cries
In street and market place, where all may see.

Ah, these are bitter! But we never hear
The hopeless misery that withers some—
The inward desolation black and sere,
That longs for rest, where rest may never come!
The blasting woe that cannot force a tear,
The heart that slowly breaks, and yet is dumb.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MONTH later, the sun, which in England was shining with a sickly affectation of geniality, was pouring a flood of warmth and light on every house and street in Naples. In the bay the sea shone a sheet of dazzling blue, rivalling the cloudless sky, which seemed to smile as though in scorn of winter as an impossibility.

In the streets the flower girls tripped to and fro, and the beggars, whose name is Legion, lay stretched on the warm pavement and in an Elysium of idleness. Color, warmth, brightness were all there, not in niggardly patches, but in lavish profusion, and in no spot of the enchanted city more profuse than in the palace in which resided the Earl and Countess of Ferrers; for to Naples they had come, and, needless to say, Mr. Ambrose with them.

But though he had prophesied that Violet should be happier there than she had ever been, his prophecy had not yet fulfilled itself, for even the Naples' sun could not thaw Blair's heart, and, as in England, there was still that weary, absent expression in his face which proclaims the man to whom life has become joyless and hopeless.

Of all the noble palaces which the Neapolitans so cheerfully let to the English visitors, the palace Austin Ambrose had chosen was the most sumptuous; and if rooms which emperors might have dwelt in, and surroundings which would have inspired a poet, could have made a woman happy, then Violet, Countess of Ferrers should have been the most beatified of her sex.

But on this glorious evening in Spring, she was lying on her couch on the balcony overlooking the bay, with the same restless fire in her eyes, the old red fever spots on her cheeks. Leaning over the balcony was Mr. Ambrose, attired in a spotless linen suit, with a cigar between his lips, and his eyes keenly noting the passers by in the street beneath him.

"What are you staring at? Have you become suddenly dumb?" exclaimed Lady Violet, with irritability.

"I was looking at the beggars," he said, with a patience in marked contrast to her impatience. "Naples is the paradise of the mendicant. Shall I wheel you nearer the balcony?—you would find them very amusing."

"No, thanks," she retorted. "Misery neither interests nor amuses me. Where is Blair?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a touch of impatience closely resembling hers.

"He is out, wandering about the hills as usual, I suppose. Do you want him?"

"No," she said sullenly. "And if I did ——"

"Oh, I would find him for you," he said, with quiet irony. "I am your slave, and live only to gratify your every wish. Say the word, and I will sally forth and broil myself in search of him; but, seriously, if he came I doubt whether you would find it more amusing."

"No," she said almost to herself, "no."

"Come and look at the beggars," he said again, and he wheeled the couch close to the balcony.

She looked over listlessly.

"They are not amusing," she complained, shrugging her shoulders.

"At any rate they are a study," he said. "There are beggars of every nationality under the sun, I should think. Strange how easy it is to distinguish them even through their rags. There is the Neapolitan, for instance, that old man there with the boy; and there is a Spaniard, and there are two Frenchmen, and there is an English girl——"

He stopped suddenly, and let his cigar fall to the ground.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The matter?" he said, turning with a smile, though his face wore a strange expression. "What do you mean?"

"Why did you start as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Oh, come; you are fanciful this evening," he retorted laughing.

"But you did start," she persisted listlessly.

"I never contradict a lady," he said lightly. "But, believe me, the movement was unconscious," and he took out his cigar-case and languidly chose a fresh cigar.

But as he did so, he leant over the balcony, and keenly scrutinised the crowd beneath: for that which had caused him to start, and drop his cigar, was the form of someone who bore a strange likeness to Lottie Belvoir. The girl was not amongst the long file of beggars making their way towards the cathedral, but was walking by herself, a thin shawl drawn round her, after the fashion which pertains to Englishwomen, not so much for warmth as a cloak for a worn and ragged dress.

Austin looked in the direction the girl had taken, but she had disappeared, probably up one of the narrow streets, and smiling at the fancied resemblance, he smoked on comfortably and devoted his attention to the crowd. Presently a servant came from a room behind them, and handed a card on a salver.

The countess took it languidly.

"What a nuisance people are! Did you say that we were not at home?"

"Yes, my lady," said the footman; "but his highness wrote on the card, my lady."

"His highness!" exclaimed Violet contemptuously. "Every second man one meets in Italy is a count or a prince! What is it he has written, Austin? Your Italian is better than mine."

Austin took the card.

"This is not Italian, it is English," he said. "'Prince Rivani begs the honor of the Earl of Ferrers' presence at a conversazione. Palace Augustus, this evening at ten o'clock.'"

"I thought it was understood that we did not visit?" said Violet languidly. "Why do people bother us? Prince Rivani! This is the second time he has left his card."

"His highness is very attentive, at any rate," said Austin. "Shall you go?"

"Seeing that I am not asked," said Violet, "it is not very probable."

"Oh, I expect it is one of those gatherings which these Italians delight in: a little music, a little weak lemonade, and mild tobacco. Blair might like to go."

"Here is Blair to answer for himself," said Violet, as Blair strode on to the balcony.

"What is it?" he said, looking from one to the other.

"Only an invitation," replied Austin. "I don't suppose you would care for it. You would be bored to death."

"Prince Rivani. He called the other day," said Blair thoughtfully, as he leant over the balcony. "Would you care to go, Violet?"

"I am not invited," she said impatiently. "Don't you see it mentions you only?"

"Ah, yes, a bachelor's party," said Blair. "I may go; it is a lovely day. I have been on the hills, and—Ah!" he exclaimed, and he leant over the balcony with a sudden appearance of interest.

Austin glided to his side.

"What is the matter? Is it anything wonderful?" said the countess, and she rose from the couch and looked over.

Blair bit his lip.

"It is nothing," he said. "I thought I saw someone I knew."

"You are like Austin," she said, coiling herself on the couch again; "he started and dropped his cigar just now."

Blair walked out of her hearing and beckoned Austin.

"Do you know whom it was I saw just now?" he said.

"Couldn't guess," replied Austin.

"It was Lottie Belvoir," said Blair.

Austin laughed.

"Oh, nonsense! Lottie here! Why, she is engaged with a company touring in England; I happen to know it——"

"It was Lottie Belvoir," said Blair; "I never forget a face. Lottie in Naples and in rags!"

"Oh, nonsense; it's impossible!" said Austin lightly. "I tell you she is on an English tour at this present moment. How on earth could she be here?"

"I do not know, but I'm certain it was she," said Blair gravely.

"I'll soon convince you," said Austin, and he disappeared.

He mingled with the crowd for five minutes, then he was back again.

"As I thought," he said, with a smile. "She is a Neapolitan girl with a face rather like Lottie's."

"Rather like!" said Blair, with a sigh of relief. "It was an astonishing resemblance, but if you saw the girl closely it is all right."

But the resemblance to Lottie of the girl in rags in the streets of Naples haunted him several times that evening, and on his way to Prince Rivani's rooms, he found himself unconsciously scanning the faces of the women who passed, as if he feared to see the girl.

Of Prince Rivani he had, of course, heard, but he had not seen him yet, and it was with a languid kind of curiosity that he followed the footman into the salon.

There were about fifteen or twenty gentleman present, most of them smoking cigarettes, and from their midst a tall, patrician-looking figure came to meet him.

Blair, though he had heard of the prince's popularity and good looks, was not prepared for so handsome a face; and he was looking at him with interest when he was struck by the expression of the prince's eye.

It seemed as if he were regarding Blair with a scrutiny far and away beyond that usual on the part of a host greeting a guest for the first time. The prince's face, too, was pale, and his lips compressed as if by some suppressed emotion. But his courtesy was perfection.

"I am honored, Lord Ferrers," he said bowing, as he just touched Blair's hand. "Let me introduce you to some friends of mine," and he led Blair round the room, making him known to one and another.

There were some Englishmen there—one meets them everywhere, from Kamschatka to the plains of Leo!—and he got into conversation with some of them. Now and then the prince joined them and chatted, but the look Blair had noticed remained on his face, and once or twice Blair, happening to glance towards him, was surprised to see the prince's brilliant eyes fixed upon him with a regard that was stern and almost threatening.

Presently, just as he was thinking of taking his leave, the prince came up to him.

"Are you fond of art, Lord Ferrers," he inquired, in a grave voice.

Blair shook his head.

"I like a good picture, but I don't know anything about it," he said. "You have a very fine collection, have you not?"

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Not so fine as that at Leyton Court, Lord Ferrers," he said, with a bow. "But I possess one picture which I value above the others. I am so attached to it that it travels about with me; it is here in my writing room. Would you care to see it? I think it will repay you for your trouble."

Blair rose at once.

"I should like to very much," he said.

The prince led the way to a small room on the same floor, and stood before a picture, closely curtained.

"You will want plenty of light," he said, turning up the gas as he spoke, "and if you will sit just there, Lord Ferrers, you will be in the most favorable position."

At the same time he himself took up his stand by the curtain, with his eyes fixed piercingly upon Blair's face.

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell me exactly how this picture strikes you at first sight. You shall examine it closely and criticise it afterwards. I ought to tell you that it has made the artist famous."

As he spoke, still keeping his eyes fixed upon Blair's face, he drew the curtain. Blair had not felt much interest in the proceedings, and expected to see some piece of artistic trickery, and so leant back to take it at his ease; when suddenly, as if the veil of the past had been rent asunder, there sprang upon his sight the picture of his Margaret lying on the rocks at Appleford: the exact representation of her death as he had pictured it, alas! how often!

For a moment he sat like a man turned to stone, thinking that he had gone mad; then he sprang to his feet, and, white as a ghost, drew near to the picture.

Yes; it was not only an exact representation of the Long Rock, but the dead Margaret herself. Was it magic? How came the picture to be painted?—who had painted it?"

Trembling and almost beside himself, he had forgotten the presence of the prince, who, mute as himself, stood with folded arms regarding him with a stern look.

"Does the picture please you, Lord Ferrers?" he said, and there was something ominous in his voice.

Blair started and turned to him.

"I—I beg your pardon. Yes, it is a marvelous picture. But there is something connected with it; I——" he sank into the chair and covered his face with his hands.

The prince stood regarding him in silence for a moment; then he drew the curtain over the picture again, and turned to Blair.

"My lord, you will understand why I showed you that picture. There need be not one word spoken between us in reference to it. Your face has told me all I want to know; my actions will explain my mo

tives! Lord Ferrers will understand that if I treat him with discourtesy when we return to the company, that I do it to provide an excuse for our meeting to-morrow morning."

"Our meeting!" said Blair, who had scarcely listened to, and certainly had not understood, the prince's words.

Prince Rivani's face grew black.

"Lord Ferrers prefers to ruin women rather than fight with men! Ah, yes!"

Blair rose at once.

"I don't understand you," he said quietly; "but if you wish to challenge me you need not be afraid I shall decline. Why you should want to shoot me I scarcely know——"

"It is a lie!" hissed the prince, driven almost mad by what he considered Blair's prevarication.

"Thanks," said Blair, with a short nod. "At any rate, Prince Rivani, you have made it clear why I should shoot you!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

PRINCE RIVANI opened the door with a low bow, and the two men went back to the salon. The prince was pale but perfectly self-possessed, and Blair very grave and quiet. As a matter of fact, the challenge which the prince had given him had saved him from going mad.

The picture still floated before his eyes: the great black rock and the white wan figure still stretched upon it, almost in the grasp of the cool waves. His Margaret! Who could have painted it?

It must have been someone who had seen Margaret in the hour of her death, or who had heard the story, and painted her from memory. And the prince had said that the picture had made the artist famous! He must find out that artist and get at the bottom of the mystery.

The salon was fuller than when he had left it, and he went and sat down in a quiet part of the room to wait until the prince had made some excuse for openly giving a reason for the duel of the morrow.

Of this duel Blair thought very little. He had an idea that the prince had mistaken him for someone else; but Blair was perfectly indifferent. There was quite enough of the old Blair left in him to render the prospect of a fight, whether with the fist, pistol or rapier, anything but unwelcome. And whether the prince shot him or he shot the prince did not trouble him.

He was utterly weary of life; his happiness had been engulfed by the waves that had snatched his darling from the rock at Appleford, and if it were fated that he should get his quietus by means of a thrust from Prince Rivani's rapier, well—so be it. Kismet!

So he sat in his corner, outwardly calm and self-possessed, but thinking a great deal more of Margaret than the duel.

The salon was crowded now, and the guests broken up into little knots of men who had dropped in from the cafes and theatres, and who were talking pictures and art with the well-bred eagerness of aristocratic Italians.

Presently Blair saw a tall, patrician man, with long hair and a beard, and the unmistakable air of an artist, enter the room, and absently noticed that he was instantly surrounded. He caught the name—it was Signor Alfero, the great artist; and scraps of the conversation floated to Blair's corner.

Suddenly he started. They were talking of the picture; he leaned forward and listened intently.

"What have you done with the masterpiece, prince?" Blair heard him ask.

"It is in my writing-room," said Prince Rivani.

"Oh, that is a pity! You should not deprive the world of a sight of its great treasure, prince."

"You still think as highly of Miss Leslie's picture, then, signor?" asked a gentleman.

"As highly?—more!" said the old man, turning promptly. "The more I see of it, the greater my astonishment grows that a woman so young could have painted a picture so old."

"So old?"

"Yes. We measure the age of a picture by the age of the thought it contains. There is a lifetime of suffering, and love, and despair in the face of the girl on that rock. Miss Leslie must have felt all that—aye, every heart pang of it—before she could have painted it. It is—I repeat my verdict—a marvellous picture! She will, I trust, live to paint many other great ones; but never one that will go straighter to the heart than this."

"Where is Miss Leslie now?" asked another gentleman. "One sees and hears nothing of her."

Signor Alfero sighed and stroked his beard as was his wont when disturbed.

"She is in Naples," he said quietly.

"In Naples! Where? One never meets her!"

The old man smiled grimly.

"Because you do not go where she goes, signor. Miss Leslie is never seen in the promenade; you may drink your afternoon tea in all the palaces of Naples and not meet with her. But I venture to prophesy that if you will penetrate the slums of the city, the fever haunts, in which our poorest of the poor are awaiting the peace bringer, Death, you will find the great artist in their midst."

There was silence for a moment.

"Miss Leslie is a—philanthropist, then?" said the gentleman.

"She is a ministering angel," responded Signor Alfero simply.

The prince stood by, white to the lips.

"What time she can spare from her work—and she works as hard as any seamstress in the city!—she spends amongst the poor. There is not a beggar in our streets who does not know her; not a blind man whose ears do not eagerly greet her footfall; not a sick child whose face does not lighten at the sight of her smile. She is an artist—and an angel!" and the old man's lips quivered.

"I can endorse every word Signor Alfero has spoken," said a famous physician, in a quiet voice, and all eyes were bent upon him. "Wherever I go, I find traces of Miss Leslie's goodness and charity. I have found her beside the beds of my worst patients; I have seen her nursing the child of a dying mother. I know that she spends large sums in relieving that distress which afflicts the poor of our city so pre-eminently. Signor Alfero is right when he calls her a ministering angel. Day and night are the same to her, for I have found her on her errands of mercy at daybreak, and seen her slight, girlish figure gliding through the streets at midnight. She is known as the 'good English lady,' and there is not a child in the city who will not follow her for a mile to get but a smile and a touch of her gentle hand."

"But why is she such a recluse?" asked a young man. "Surely it is not the poor only who need such an angel?"

"The poor need her most," said Alfero grimly; "and repay her best. What have you done or suffered, signor, that she should minister to you?"

The young man colored and drew back.

"I cannot help suspecting that she has known some great sorrow," said the physician, in a low voice. "There is a look in her eyes which seems to indicate the presence of some dark secret—I do not suggest that it is a misery caused by herself, but one inflicted by another hand."

"Whatever it be, it is hers!" said Alfero sternly, "and let no man pry into it! I know what you mean, doctor, and I think you are right, but I judge not only by her eyes, but her picture!"

As if he could bear it no longer, the prince stood upright and approached Blair, his face white and set with the effort to suppress his thirst for vengeance.

"Referring to our discussion, Lord Ferrers," he said significantly, "are you still of the opinion that we Italians have taken but a low place in the scale of nations?"

Blair started and looked up at him in surprise, then understanding that the prince was going to make pretence of a quarrel, he replied:

"I cannot alter my opinion, even for so distinguished an Italian as Prince Rivani."

"That means that, as an Englishman, you regard us with contempt, my lord?"

He did not raise his voice, but he spoke with a peculiar distinctness which attracted attention, and all those near them stopped talking, and listened.

Blair shrugged his shoulders.

"Your highness is at liberty to place any construction upon my words you please," he said.

"Thanks, my lord. Even if I assume that you charge us with cowardice?"

"Choose your own significance, prince," said Blair, beginning to grow warm, though it was only pretence.

A murmur ran around the group and the circle contracted.

"A nation of cowards," said Prince Rivani, his eyes glittering at the success of the play. "That is a brave assertion. Has the Earl of Ferrers the courage to maintain it by the only consistent and appropriate argument?"

"I can maintain it at the sword's point, if necessary," said Blair, rising to his full height, and meeting the Prince's glance with a steady, calm regard.

The prince bowed low, then turning slightly to the rest, said in a low and clear voice:

"Gentlemen, I call you to witness that the cause of the quarrel is mine. Lord Ferrers has accused my countrymen of a base and vile cowardice. I shall have the honor of defending them. As the Earl of Ferrers says, the argument is not one for words, but weapons! Is that so, my lord?"

"Your highness interprets me correctly," said Blair.

The prince bowed, his hand upon his heart.

"Good! My friend, General Tralini, will have the honor of waiting upon your lordship at a late hour."

"I shall be delighted," said Blair.

"What is this?" demanded Alfero, leaving the excited and amazed circle of listeners, and approaching the prince.

The prince drew him apart.

"It is all right, Alfero," said the prince, in a low voice that thrilled with the anticipation of his coming vengeance. "The earl and I understand each other! It is an old quarrel, and this is only the public excuse for our meeting!"

"And the woman! Who is she?" demanded Alfero, significantly.

The prince flushed, then turned white.

"One whose name need not be mentioned—shall not be!" he added with suppressed passion. "Ask me no more, Alfero, but send the general to me when the party has broken up."

Blair got his crush hat and cloak, and approaching the prince, bowed low, then with a general salutation he left the room.

It was a lovely night, and the air blew upon his brow refreshingly after the heat of the salon.

He paused outside the great doorway, and stood looking up at the sky; it is probable that it was the last time he would have the opportunity of seeing the stars.

He knew by repute that Prince Rivani was one of the most accomplished duellists in Italy, and he was conscious that the duel would be one of life or death. Before this hour to-morrow the chances were, indeed, greatly against Blair's being in the land of the living.

Then he looked up to the sky with a half-fearful, half-longing gaze. Was there any truth in the belief that good men held—that his dear, dear Margaret had cherished so fervently,—the simple faith in another and better world?

Should he, if he fell to-morrow beneath the prince's rapier meet Margaret in that other land, where the beloved wait with outstretched hands, greet those from whom they have been parted; meet there and never be parted more?

And Violet! He thought of her with a thrill of remorse. Why had he married her? What had their union brought but pain and dissatisfaction to both of them?

"Poor Violet!" he murmured with a sigh. "Please Heaven she may meet with a better man to console her and requite her for my coldness. Poor Vi!"

Then he drew his cloak round him, and was going onwards when a woman, who had been coming down the street with her head bent and her face almost hidden in the thin shawl she hugged around her, stopped, and seeing him, held out her hand, murmuring something in broken Italian.

Blair stopped and looked at her absently, then he started, and taking her arm, drew her near a lamp.

The girl looked up at him, then with a low cry shrank back and tried to get free.

But Blair's grasp, though gentle, was a strong one, and he drew her firmly under the light, then his hand fell from her arm, and it was his turn to exclaim.

"Lottie!" he said.

She flung her hands before her face and bent her head, as if she expected him to strike her.

The gesture amazed Blair.

"Lottie, Lottie," he said, encouragingly; "it is you then. I saw you this evening in the streets, my poor girl. But why do you shrink from me? What is the matter? Do you not know me—Blair?"

"Yes, yes!" she gasped. "I know you. I—I—— Oh, Blair, don't kill me!"

"Kill you!" he exclaimed with astonishment. "Why, Lottie, what is the matter with you? Why should you think that I—but tell me all about it. Why are you here in Naples, and—I'm afraid in Queer Street, too—eh?"

He took her arm as he spoke and drew it through his.

"You look ill. Lean on me. Don't be afraid."

She tore her arm from his, and shrinking back, leant against the lamp-post, the light flashing on her face, and revealing it in all its haggardness.

"Don't—don't," she said with a catch in her breath. "Don't speak a kind word to me; I don't deserve it. Oh, Blair, if you knew all I've done——"

He sighed.

"Never mind, Lottie," he said gently; "I am afraid we have all done rather badly. But I'm sorry to see you looking so ill. Where are you staying? What made you come here? Come tell me all about it."

"I can't! I can't!" she said with a shudder and a fearful glance at his grave face. "I came here with a theatrical company. I got ill and left behind. I wrote to *him* and asked for help, and he only threatened me——"

"Him! Who?" demanded Blair soothingly, for he began to think that illness and privation had turned poor Lottie's reason.

She shuddered and caught her breath.

"Austin Am——" she said, then stopped and looked up at him in sudden terror.

"Austin!" he exclaimed. "You wrote to Austin, and he—oh, come Lottie; that can't be true! But why didn't you write to me?"

"To you?" she breathed; "to you?"

"Yes, to me! Do you think that I should have refused to help you? My poor girl, did you think I had no heart in my bosom? Why, Lottie, you should have known me better!" he said reproachfully.

She leant against the lamp-post, and covering her face with her tattered shawl, sobbed:

"Oh, Blair, Blair; if you only knew, you would kill me where I stand!"

"Nonsense!" he said, with gentle reproof. "Don't be silly, Lottie. Look here, you are weak and upset, and not in a fit state to tell me your story. Come to the Palace, where I live, to-morrow, and let me hear all about it. Here is the address," and he tore a page from his note-book and wrote on it. "There it is. Now, mind you come; I shall be in all the morning——"

Then he stopped, for it suddenly flashed upon him that probably he should be where Lottie could not follow him!

"Stay," he said; "tell me where to find you, and I will come to-morrow—if possible."

"No!" she said, with a shudder; "I will not! Go and leave me, now."

"No, I won't," he said, and his voice sounded like the old Blair's in its hearty good nature; "I shall stay here till you do tell me; and I warn you that you are keeping my wits up——"

She started and sprang back.

"Your wife!" she gasped. "Has she—has she come back?"

Blair turned pale, then forced a smile.

"My wife has not left me that I know of," he said. "I married Miss Violet Graham; you knew her, Lottie?"

"Violet Graham!" she panted. "Violet Graham! Oh!" and she put her hand before her eyes.

"Yes, and she is with me here at Naples, she and Austin Ambrose," he said. "He will be glad to see you and tell you that there is some mistake in your idea that he had refused to help you."

"She and he here!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "What does it mean? Let me think! Let me think!" and she stood staring at the pavement, her hands clenched and her brow contracted.

Then she looked up at him and from one side to another, like a wild animal made desperate.

"I can't think! I can't see what he wanted! It is all dark—all dark!" she exclaimed, seizing his arm. "That man—I tell you—I warn you! Oh, Blair, Blair! Take care! He means—" she broke off and almost groaned. "I don't know what he is working for, what he is plotting, but it is no good—no——" she stopped again and drew her shawl around her.

"Whom are you talking about, Lottie?" he asked. "Not Austin! Why, he was a friend of yours, and is one of the best fellows alive! My poor girl, what 'bee have you got in your bonnet?' What do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing!" she said breathlessly, "I am half mad with cold and hunger in——"

"Yes, yes," he said gently. "See here, Lottie, here is some money—get food and a lodging for to night. Go to the Hotel Nationale, I will come to you to-morrow, and you shall tell me all about it," and he held out some English sovereigns.

She looked up at him with a kind of wild horror, then with a cry of remorse, a cry that rang in his ears for an hour afterwards, she sped away.

He threw off his cloak and started after her, but she had gained one of the entrances to a network of dark and narrow courts, and Blair lost her as completely as if the pavement had opened and swallowed her up.

He hunted about for some time, until he became convinced that any further pursuit would be futile, then he retraced his steps.

It is needless to say he did not find his cloak, which doubtless sheltered one of the numerous beggars by that time.

Lottie was not far off. Bidden in one of the deep doorways, she had watched him relinquish the pursuit; then, as if compelled to follow him, she crept out, and gained the large street again.

As she passed the Palace Augustus, the guests of the conversazione were coming out, and she drew back into the shadow of the doorway to let them pass.

They were all talking in an excited fashion, and two Englishmen, pausing quite close to the trembling girl, were speaking loudly enough for her to hear.

"Queer kind of thing, this affair to-night," said one.

"Isn't it? But it's just what one expects in Italy. Gives quite a foreign flavor to the evening," and he laughed cynically. "Fancy two men fighting a duel on such a paltry excuse as that! Why, I didn't hear anything particularly offensive, did you?"

"Not half so offensive as one hears fifty times over at a political meeting in England."

"But then these Italians are all fire, are they not? And glad of the excuse for a shindy, eh?"

"Yes, of course. But what amazes me is that Blair—I mean Lord Ferrers, I shall never get out of the way of calling him Blair!—that he should be so soft as to fall into the prince's trap."

"But I've heard that your friend, Lord Ferrers, was always dying for a fight!"

"That's true enough of him in the old times, but he's settled down now, you know, and things are different with him—or should be! By George, yes; in the old times Blair would have requested Rivani to 'step outside,' and scuttle if there and then."

"It will be a 'settle,' I suppose," said his friend. "I heard them say inside there that Rivani is a perfect demon at the rapier, and that your friend, the earl, hasn't a chance with him."

"Poor Blair," rejoined the other, with a sigh. "Seems rather hard when you are an earl, with goodness knows how many thousands a-year, and a charming wife, to be spitted by a fire-eating Italian. But there, we all prophesied that Blair Leyton would come to a violent end; either a cropper in the field, or the racecourse."

"That's all right and consistent enough, and would appear to be the logical conclusion of such a man, but to be pierced through the heart with one of those confounded needles! Bah! And he is such a fine fellow too! Never saw a better made man! Don't wonder all the women of his set were mad about him!"

"Yes, Blair is a good type of our best men," said the other. "But he may not fail; he used to fence awfully well in the old days, at Angelo's fencing school, don't you know."

"I daresay, but fencing at Angelo's is a very different thing to crossing swords with a man like Rivani, especially when he means mischief, and if Rivani didn't mean mischief to-night, then I'm no judge of a man's looks."

"Poor Blair!" rejoined his friend. "Well, what shall we do? Come and have some grilled bones, old man?"

They passed on, and left Lottie amazed in her ambush.

Blair and Prince Rivani to fight a duel! She had been in Naples long enough to have heard of Prince Rivani's reputation as a swordsman. Blair was as good as a dead man when he stood opposite the prince's gleaming steel.

What should she do? What could she do?

Half wild, she stood wringing her hands, her black eyes gleaming with terror and despair; then, suddenly worn out and exhausted by privation and the excitement of her meeting with Blair, and this subsequent discovery, she fell to the pavement in a deep faint.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. AMBROSE was pacing up and down, in tiger fashion, the extremely luxurious sitting-room waiting for Blair to return from Rivani's; and Austin was anything but tranquil and at ease.

Hitherto Fate had played into his hands so completely that he had run his career of villainy as smoothly as a well-oiled piston-rod works in its cylinder, but the sight of Lottie in Naples, close to his elbow, rather upset him.

It was like the presence of a lighted match near a powder magazine. Just let Lottie and Blair meet, for instance, and Lottie tell all she knew, and Austin's little plot would be ruined at the very moment of its fruition, and his own life in jeopardy: for the Leyton temper, though so carefully kept in hand by Blair, was always latent, and would, as the plotter knew, spring out like a tiger and rend him.

So, as he paced up and down on the thick Turkey carpet, he came to the conclusion that the hour had arrived when he must play the last card and secure all that he had been so patiently scheming for.

The countess had gone to her boudoir some half an hour since, but she had languidly dropped a few words indicating that she intended remaining up for Blair, and Austin listened intently now and again to hear if Blair went straight to his or her room.

With the exception of himself, the countess and the valet, there was no one stirring in the vast castle.

Presently he heard a step upon the stairs: it was Blair's, but heavier and slower than usual, and it stopped at Austin's door, and Blair knocked.

Austin was almost guilty of an exclamation of surprise as Blair entered, for the handsome face looked so wearied and haggard that it might have been the face of a haunted man.

"You're late," he said, speaking lightly. "Had a pleasant evening, I hope?"

Blair sank into a chair, and his head drooped upon his breast; then he looked up, and motioned to the table, on which stood a liquor stand.

"Mix me something—anything, there's a good fellow," and his voice was dry and hoarse. "A pleasant evening!"—he laughed grimly—"you shall judge for yourself. Austin, I have seen Lottie Belvoir!"

Austin started, and he set the glass down with a little thud. Then he smiled.

"Not really?"

"Yes. I was right, and you were wrong; it was she whom I saw. Poor girl! Lottie—who used to be the brightest and gayest of them—in Naples, starving and in rags."

"It is very strange! The last I heard of her," said Austin, his face pale with suppressed excitement and fear, "she was traveling with a dramatic company. Did she tell you——"

He could not get out the whole question. How much had she told him? Was the game up?

"She would tell me very little or nothing," said Blair with a sigh.

Austin drew a long breath. Lottie had stood firm, then!

"Little or nothing. Austin"—suddenly—"did she ever apply to you for help?"

"To me?" he exclaimed, raising his brows. "Certainly not! Why do you ask?"

"Because she said that she had, and that you had refused to assist her. But she was dreadfully incoherent, and I'm afraid that privation and trouble have upset her reason. Poor girl!"

"Poor Lottie!" echoed Austin, with sweetest sympathy. "I refuse her assistance! Why, is it likely?"

"No, it is not likely," assented Blair.

"And—and, of course, you have helped her?" asked Austin, throwing himself into a chair so that he could see Blair's face, while his own was backing the light, and so obscured.

Blair sighed.

"I tried to; but she would not have it. She, poor girl, seemed possessed by some wild idea that she had injured me. She even feared that I should—strike her! When I offered her some money, and begged her to tell me where I could find her, she turned and bolted, and I lost her."

Austin drew a breath of relief and mixed himself some brandy and water.

"Poor Lottie, she must be half mad! Thought she had injured you! Why, how could she do that?"

Blair shook his head.

"By no way that I know of. She behaved very strangely all through. She must be found to-morrow."

"Of course; and there's nothing easier. Don't make yourself uncomfortable about it, my dear Blair. I will set the police on her track at once, and we'll soon find her. But the meeting with poor Lottie hasn't spoiled your evening, I hope?"

Blair was silent for a moment, then he said in a low voice:

"No, not. It was not that, painful as it was. I wish to Heaven that it was no more! But—but Austin, I have seen my poor Margaret."

Austin sprang to his feet and his hand slid like a snake into the bosom of his coat.

"Seen—seen—I" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Blair, whose back was turned towards him, and who did not see his white face and the movement of his hand: "yes, I have seen her in a picture."

Austin Ambrose dropped into the chair again, and lifting the glass to his lips, took a good draught.

"In a picture, my dear Blair! You—you startled me! A face that resembles hers! My dear fellow, you are too sensitive. You must, really you must, fight against these feelings. They are ruining your life. In a picture——"

"Yes; not a face like hers, but her very own. I saw a picture"—and he stood and held out his hand as if he were pointing to it—"of Margaret, of my poor darling herself—lying on the Long Rock at Appleford!" his voice broke, and he turned away.

Austin looked at him.

"He is going mad!" he thought.

"My dear Blair, impossible! This is the freak of a mind overwrought by sorrow and too much dwelling on the past. It is impossible. Where did you see this wonderful picture?"

"I saw it at Prince Rivani's. You can see it, no doubt, do you think I am dreaming! That I have conjured the picture from my own imagination. Do you think I am going mad?"

Austin Ambrose certainly did thing so, but he said—

"No; no, certainly not. But—but——"

"You don't think so. Let me give you direct evidence that I know what I am about," said Blair, "the picture is Prince Rivani's, he took me to his private room to see it; it is the talk of all Italy; Europe for what I know. It is a magnificent picture, terrible, moving, to anyone, but judge what effect it must have had upon me when I say that it was the place itself, the face and figure themselves of my poor lost darling."

Austin stared at him.

"And Prince Rivani showed you this! What did he tell you about it, its history and so on?"

"Nothing," said Blair gloomily. "I was so startled that I was almost beside myself, and I was about to ask him the history of the picture, and by whom it was painted, when he—you will think I am mad now Austin!—refused to tell me anything excepting that the picture was a famous one. And he brought the interview to an abrupt conclusion by challenging me to fight with him——"

Austin's face worked.

"Which you refused?" he said.

"For which I asked his reasons. He declined to give me any one, called me a liar, and so—" he laughed grimly—"provided me with an excuse for shooting him!"

Austin Ambrose's hands worked convulsively under the table. He was just beginning to see light in the mystery which was so dark and impenetrable to Blair's slower brain.

"Well, and—and the artist, who is he?"

"It was not a man, but a woman,—a girl," said Blair quietly and wearily.

Austin Ambrose started, and his eyes flashed. He saw it all in a moment. The picture had been painted by Margaret herself!

The prince had fallen in love with her, she had told him her story, and the prince meant to avenge her.

It was so sudden a *contretemps*, so unlooked for, that for a moment he was overwhelmed, and his mental vision, as it were blinded.

Then he recovered himself.

"And—and this girl,—the wonderful artist, where is she?"

He asked the question lightly enough, but his soul quaked as Blair replied:

"Here, in Naples!"

"Here in Naples?"

There was a moment's silence. Margaret here in Naples! Blair challenged by the prince! Any moment and his astute plans might be shattered at his feet.

He was not altogether a coward, but at the thought of the two narrow chances Blair had had of learning his,—Austin's—villainy, he quivered from head to foot.

"And now you have it all," said Blair quietly. "Why Prince Rivani should want to fight me I cannot conceive, can you?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

Blair turned to him with surprise.

"The prince was an old lover of Margaret's."

The blood rushed to Blair's face and his eyes flashed.

"An old lover? It is you who are mad! She had no lover but me."

Austin met his fierce gaze steadily.

"My dear Blair, I meant no kind of reproach against her. But think, is it not possible that the prince may have seen her before you, that, though nothing tangible, may have passed between them, he may have fallen in love with her?"

"And she not tell me! Ah! how little you know her!"

"She may not have thought it worth the telling! May have feared that you might think she was boasting over the conquest over a prince. But if you won't entertain this idea, what other reason can you give for his wanting to fight you? You know what these Italians are: they will fight for an idea—half a one! He may have got some inkling that you were her favored lover, he cannot possibly know that you married her, but he may see in you a rival, and these Italians consider it their duty to dispose of a rival in the most complete and expeditious way."

Blair leaned his head upon his hands.

"It is all a mystery!" he said wearily. "But the fact remains. I have undertaken to meet him to-morrow morning. You will be my second, of course, Austin? A General Somebody or other will call and make arrangements presently."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTIAN patience is something more than a thought, or an emotion, or a tear; it is action.

Bric-a-Brac.

AN ODD PROBLEM.—"What becomes of the pins?" asks a paper. The following reply is given: "A surface of ten miles square contains three hundred and ten millions square yards. Assume this as the area of London. To include the area of floor surfaces in houses it may safely be trebled—say one billion square yards. If every five square yards contain one stray pin, who would be aware of it? Here then, there is in London alone, a receptacle for two hundred millions of stray pins unperceived by anybody. The answer, therefore, is that thousands of millions of lost pins can be, and are scattered about the land unnoticed. Half of these, being out of doors, are gradually destroyed by rust; the other half pass out of doors by degrees."

A COURT ROOM IN CHINA.—In a magistrate's dirty court room the prisoners are brought in, tried, tortured if they refuse to confess, sentenced and punished with a despatch that is in admirable contrast to the deliberations of our enlightened courts. If the real offender cannot be found, they seize upon one of his relatives and hold him as hostage. It is generally a poor relation, and the longer he stays in gaol the better his family prospers. The mandarins are inclined to look leniently on any who are willing to pay their way out of goal, or pay a substitute who will be caught and imprisoned for them, so that in the small number of its fettered prisoners Canton stands well in comparison with civilized, law-abiding communities a third of its size.

SOME BLUNDERS.—The manufacture of blunders proceeds apace. A certain college announces, "Swimming instructions given by a teacher of both sexes." An Australian paper says, "Mrs. Caldwell was the recipient on Saturday of a beautiful floral offering, in commemoration of the advent of her firstborn son, which came to her by express from Ballarat." "The sum now being raised," remarks another contemporary, "will take the form of a mariner's relief fund, primarily for the support of the men who lost their lives at the wreck." An Ohio farmer has posted up the following: "Notis: If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be." A reporter describing a collection of bric-a-brac, says, "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." And the following advertisement appears in another paper: "A widow wants a position as a general in a small household." Not an unusual position for a servant to occupy, but seldom put so plainly.

WHO WAS JOHN O' GROAT?—You have heard of John o' Groat's house, which is situated at the mouth of the Pentland Frith, in Scotland; but do you know who Johnny Groat—which seems to be the correct form—was? It is said that a Dutchman of the name of Groot, or Groat, or Grot, settled at this remote spot in the reign of James IV. (1488-1513), and built a house for the convenience of travellers crossing to the Orkney Isles. But legend has improved on this house and its uses. John had eight sons, and once a year the family met to make merry. However, the quarrels that arose on these occasions as to who should be first, annoyed John to such an extent that he at last hit upon an ingenious plan for putting an end to them. He built himself an eight sided house with a door and window for each side, and within he had an eight-sided table. Thus each of the eight sons might come in by his own door, look out at his own window, and sit at his own table-head. So runs tradition about this famous house, of which all that remains is an humble green knoll.

A DREAM.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The firelight flickered along the wall,
  Like a wreath of flowers entwined;
Kissed the face of the picture resting there,
  Then in shadow dark declined.

From the deep arm-chair where I musing sat,
  I quietly watched you unaware;
Then a desperate longing filled my soul
  To touch your cheek—Fate said: "Beware!"

And then I thought, sitting side by side,
  We two so near, how far we were apart;—
If your lips could only have opened then,
  I might have died on your heart.

But I know some things could not be said,
  Some things we could neither ask nor tell;
For I saw Fate's face behind your chair,
  And heard Love ring in my heart its knell.

I rose to go as the fire's soft light
  Across your face flickered and gleamed;
And a sigh rose up from my weary soul,
  From the ghost of a dream I had dreamed.

LOYAL AND TRUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO LOVERS—TWO LOVERS," "MURIEL'S FRIEND," "AN INNOCENT ESCAPE," "CARRIED BY STRATAGEM," "A SPIRIT OF PEACE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII—(CONTINUED).

THEY sat on the pier until the striped chimneys came back again. Then the boat drew up, and a great many people came ashore and others went aboard. There was considerable confusion, and Archibel felt herself hustled in all directions; it was so easy to get away from Jim—it came about as naturally as if it had been an accident.

Getting well into the little crowd, she looked round; Jim was not watching her—he was talking to the driver of a Loch Eck coach.

Just before they raised the gangway she ran on board.

One man drew it to the pier with such a clatter that she was sure it would cause Jim to glance round; but it did not.

Then away went the Lord of the Isles like the swallow to the South.

She had no sense of fear or remorse—nothing but triumphant exultation. How easy it had been after all! How stupid—how careless not to have done it yesterday! One day might make all the difference.

They passed Castle Kechnie, and she hid behind the paddle-box for a minute or so.

Then she caught a lady looking at her curiously, which somewhat unnerved her. Could she know her by sight?

She went to a seat in the stern and tried to read the "Idylls of the King," which was all the luggage she carried with her; and she watched the long low line of hills down Loch Fyne, and the beautiful massing of form and color at the Kyles of Bute, and she wondered if Jim was feeling unhappy and anxious about her.

She wished she had not played him a sort of trick; she might have told him what she was going to do, and thrown herself upon his generosity.

He could not have stopped her by force, and her mind was made up with such strength of determination that no persuasion would have had any effect.

Poor Jim! He was very nice and kind; there was sterling worth in him.

She wished she had behaved more kindly to him while they walked along the loch-side. She hoped he was not grieved at what had happened.

Her aunts would be fuming, she knew; it was so amusing to think of them! What would they do when Jim went home with his story?

She did not believe there was a telegraph or policeman within measurable distance of Castle Kechnie.

Would they rave and rush about in impotent wrath? Would they take out a boat and try to row themselves to Glasgow?

It was such fun to think of them that she laughed aloud, and then saw that she was again attracting attention, so she settled herself to Elaine and her fascinating story.

Fortunately she remembered the landmarks of the journey very distinctly, and determined on following them exactly so that she might not lose her way.

She left the steamer at Prince's Pier because they had embarked on the Columba from Prince's Pier; and so she reached Glasgow safely, but late in the evening.

Now for the first time her spirit quailed; she dared not venture on the long lonely journey in the dark, so she stayed for the night at the George Hotel where she excited a great deal of wonder, if not of suspicion, by her youth and loneliness.

She left by an early-morning train, refreshed by rest and food, but dreadfully dismayed at the hole her hotel-bill had made in her scantily-filled purse.

There was no time to sell her small stock of jewelry—a gold brooch with a cat's-eye and a pair of small coral earrings—but she calculated that by traveling third-class her money would hold out.

So she soon found herself at Highminster in a drizzling rain late in the afternoon.

And now for the first time it dawned upon her that romance that was only sweet and tender and innocent in Elaine's dim, distant century was apt to lead to discomfort and embarrassment if transplanted into the prose and utilitarianism of the nineteenth.

Everybody seemed to stare at her, and as she stood on the platform she heard her name mentioned. A cabman came up and said:

"To Ashlands? Here, miss!"

She dared not say, "To Milham Hall;" besides, she had not money enough to pay for the cab, so she merely answered in as dignified a manner as her weariness and shyness would allow:

"Thanks—I am going to walk!"

The man looked astonished, for Ashlands was many miles distant and it was raining fast; but Archibel set off, her heart beating violently and her face all aglow. Milham was only half-way to Ashlands.

She was genuinely alarmed now. She wondered what Oswin would say. Would he be shocked at what she had done, or would he be grateful?

Fifty times as she trudged along the wet, weary road she debated in her mind as to whether she would not turn back.

"But I cannot come all this way for nothing!" she thought, bracing herself to go on.

She came at last to the Milham gates. The lodge-keeper was standing at his door, but Archibel dared not ask questions. What if he were dead?

The awful anxiety gave her courage; she walked boldly up the avenue; but, when she came within sight of the shuttered front-windows, she turned giddy and reeled.

Then she plucked up courage, mounted the steps, and rang the bell, which was at once answered by a servant.

How much pleasanter were Sir Lancelot's sick-chamber arrangements, she thought—at least for Elaine; she had no loud bell to ring, and no astonished servant to confront!

Archibel was actually compelled to adopt a subterfuge—even to palter with the truth, and make a little excuse.

"How is Mr. Thoroldf" she asked; and her lips would hardly obey her will and pronounce his name, so dry and tremulous were they. "I—we, I mean—heard of his accident. Is he better?"

"Yes, miss, he is getting on very fairly," replied the man, in an off-hand style that stung Archibel to the soul. "Will you come in, miss?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, shrinking back; then remembering her errand and the long journey she had undertaken to accomplish it, she added, "Has he—is there—I hope he is being well nursed? I thought perhaps ——"

"Oh, he's being well nursed!" the man answered. "Mrs. Thorold came down ——"

"His mother?" Archibel exclaimed in dismay. A prospective mother-in-law had never entered her mind.

"No, his wife!" replied the man, who was on intimate terms with one of the Ashlands' housemaids, and began to guess who this travel-stained, wet, incoherent young lady was. "She came the day after the accident."

"His wife!" Archibel repeated. "He has no wife."

She was not uneasy at all, for who could imagine such a handsome knight, such an ideal youth to be a married man?

"Oh, yes, miss!" the man assured her, enjoying the situation. "She's his wife sure enough. She's not a real lady, though, and she is very friendly with the servants, and she told Jenkins they had three little ones. Her ladyship wrote to Mrs. Wood too, and told her that Mrs. Thorold—Mr. Oswin's wife—must have everything she required to make her comfortable, though, to tell the truth, miss, neither her ladyship nor none of us ever knew Mr. Oswin was married until now. He's kept it uncommon quiet all this time."

* * * * * *

Though Archibel felt as if a real blow had been dealt her, she had sufficient presence of mind, sufficient womanly instinct to do her best to hide her wound.

"Indeed? How odd!" she managed to say, wondering if the man detected her agitation. "I hope he will get better!"

Then she turned, and tried her best to look dignified, yet careless, as she walked down the drive.

And now what must she do, and where must she go? Return to Castle Kechnie as if nothing had happened or go straight to Ashlands? She felt that she could do neither.

The future was a blank, the past a furnace of burning shame.

Her hero was only an unprincipled man who had made a fool of a simple girl, and laughed at her for falling in love with him. She could not go to her aunts and tell them they had been right.

She sat down by the roadside and looked into her purse to see how much money she had left. It contained a sixpence, two pennies, and a half-penny.

She counted the money again and again to see if it would not add up differently, but it would never come to more than eightpence-halfpenny.

How far could any one travel for eightpence-halfpenny? Besides, she was hungry; she had not thought of it before. She must buy some lunch.

Would eightpence-halfpenny pay for lunch?—and, if it would, how should she pay for dinner, and tea, and breakfast—and more, and more? How long could any one live on eightpence-halfpenny?

Was it possible that she, Archibel Lindsay, the heiress of the McKechnies, must beg or starve?

There was not even the alternative of pocketing her pride, and returning penitently to her aunts, for she had not money enough to take her that long journey. No; she thought in her weariness and despair there was only one way out of her misery. Betrayed and broken-hearted, she must die.

She would find a brook with a willow growing askant in it, or a pool on the bosom of which water-lilies floated, and she would creep into it and there end her troubles. She looked round for the means by which she could carry out her wicked design.

She saw a wood not far off—in that wood there might be water and willows too; water-lily leaves might be hoped for, though the time of the white flowers was over.

She went quickly across the fields, and now found herself in the cool green shadow within the sound of water.

It was such a very shallow brook when she found it; there were no water-lilies, but it was beautifully fringed with ferns and mosses, and the water clear as crystal—in everything but depth an ideal spot for her purpose.

She walked along the edge, thinking impatiently how everything went wrong with her, when she came upon a waterfall that sent a tributary stream to join the shallow brook.

At the foot of the waterfall there was a large deep pool.

Now was her opportunity. There was plenty of room here in which to compass her desire; it was quite a large basin.

Well, now she had found her pool, there was no need to hurry. She would sit down and think; and should she not leave a parting message, and what should it be—a few tender, pathetic words or a terrible curse?

The water looked very muddy, and there were no lilies upon it and no willow growing askant, only the boughs of smooth, bright beeches and sturdy oaks overhead. She decided at length to go a little further on.

The brook, swollen now by the tributary stream, was deep enough here and there, but only in small pools.

It really seemed as if the Fates were against her, when at last she came to where the bed of the stream shelved suddenly beneath overhanging trees, and the water lay cool and dark and deep.

Then a great horror smote her; she felt as if she had been playing with death, and, lo, the play had become terrible reality!

With a shriek of fear she turned to run for her life—turned to meet the neat, unromantic figure and the kind, if unheroic face of James Brown.

"Save me!" she cried, seeing in him a knightly deliverer sent to her in her need, and flinging herself into the astonished young man's arms.

"Has something frightened you?" he asked, with a world of tenderness in his voice.

Then, to his great surprise, Archibel fainted, worn out by her long journey, her excitement and disappointment.

He laid her very gently on the soft grass, and bathed her face with the water that had threatened her with death. She came round at last, but so slowly that he had begun to get alarmed.

They were not in a very lonely place. There was a small farm-house hidden by the trees only a quarter of a mile distant; the people knew Miss Lindsay quite well, and had told him that she had gone into the wood beside the waterfall, when he and Mrs. Thompson drove past on their way from the station.

"Do you think you can walk a little way," he asked; "or shall I leave you here for a few minutes?"

"Oh, don't leave me!" Archibel implored, clinging to him in a way that rendered him at once puzzled and extremely happy.

He led her to the farm-house, half supporting her. Neither of them spoke again until he explained to the farmer's wife that Miss Lindsay had been frightened, and would be better for a little brandy.

"No—milk," Archibel corrected; and, when a huge jug of foaming milk was brought, Jim poured out a glassful for her; and then with restored vitality came restored memory.

"How is it that you are here?" she asked suspiciously.

"You gave us a fright," he replied, smiling and looking so innocent that her fear that he knew her errand and its issue left her at once. "Your aunts were quite distracted when I went home and told them how you had gone, whether by a freak or by accident. I came"—he blushed—"to take care of Mrs. Thompson. We came straight on; I suppose you must have stayed a night on the road. We missed the train that you caught for Highminster."

Archibel sat in the window-seat, her eyes fixed upon the flowers in the garden, her cheeks as red as the reddest of them. She dared ask no questions.

Jim went on unconcernedly, as if it were an every-day situation in which they found themselves.

"We knew you had tired of Scotland, and must have come here again; but of course your aunts were very uneasy indeed, as you had never traveled alone before. Mrs. Thompson is at Ashlands ——"

"I won't go to Ashlands!" cried Archibel suddenly finding her voice. "I won't live with aunt Rachel any more! She will always be throwing this up at me. She will make my life miserable; I shall never have any peace again. I will go and be a governess or a hospital nurse or an actress, anything rather than live that horrible life again. Oh, don't let me go; you are always so kind! Do tell them I cannot go back—do! You are the only friend I have—the only one in the world who is kind to me!"

"I wish you would let me be kind to you always," he said, taking her hands in his and looking into her imploring eyes with affectionate ones.

"How do you mean?" she whispered, turning pale again.

"I want you to marry me," he replied. "I am sure you like me a little—let me try to make you like me a great deal. I love you so dearly Archibel!"

She liked him much more than a little, she acknowledged to herself; he was so gentle and so true, the real knight after all, though his name was so common and he looked so unlike a paladin of romance.

It would be very nice to live with him instead of aunt Rachel; only she must not marry him under false pretences. And yet how was she to tell such a shameful story?

"You would not want to marry me if you knew something," she said, with burning cheeks.

"Perhaps I know more than you do," he responded, with a smile.

She turned round her startled face.

"I will tell you what I know," Jim went on, putting his arm gently round her and holding her face down to him so that he could not see it. "A romantic little girl met a romantic-looking stranger and fancied he was a hero out of a poem, and fell down at once in an ecstasy of hero-worship; and because she knew nothing of men, lovers, or heroes, she thought she must be in love while he——"

Jim paused, but she had heard the change of tone in that one small pronoun. She looked up and said bravely:

"He did nothing at all. You must not judge him more harshly than you judge me. It was all my silly vanity. He only admired me and wanted to paint me—I see it all now. I did not care"—she blushed again—"I liked the mystery and romance. I misunderstood him; he really meant no harm at all."

"And you will try to like me?"

"I do like you," she answered.

"And you will be my wife?"

But whether she would like to marry him was quite another matter—marry him, ordinary-looking little Jim—though his eyes certainly were nicer than she had thought.

She had never noticed how soft they were, how expressive; but how could she marry him, she who had loved unwisely, but too well, all the more like a heroine of poetry and romance because her love had ended so disastrously?

She who had nearly—she felt now as if it had been very nearly—drowned herself under a willow amongst water-lilies, how could she become a Mrs. Brown?—a married lady who would preside at dinner-parties, who would order the dinner, who would write letters about servants' characters instead of poetry, and who would make calls in a brougham upon other sober matrons, who were called her friends, instead of running out over dewy grass to meet ——

"I won't tease you now, dear," said Jim gently, understanding her state of mind, but also understanding the state of Mrs. Thompson's. "It is unfair, for you are tired and ill; I must take you home."

"Home!" cried Archibel, shrinking in terror.

"You must go somewhere," he said quietly—"you cannot stay here."

"But aunt Rachel!"

"Never mind aunt Rachel; I'll undertake to square aunt Rachel."

"I will go to London—no"—remembering Clapham—"to Paris, anywhere! I will earn my living—I will sell flowers in the streets."

"But you could not get there without money; and I don't suppose you have much by you. Mrs. Thompson thought you would not have had enough to bring you here—that is why I supposed so," he explained apologetically.

"Is she very angry?" she asked nervously.

Jim laughed, and made an expressive little arching of his eyebrows. The greatest skill in *finesse* could not have succeeded better.

Archibel laughed too. The tragical hue that was over life gave way to the merry sunshine of that little laugh, the whole nature of things was changed.

She and Jim became all at once confederates in a scrape, and she felt a sudden confidence that he would help her out of it.

"How will you manage her Jim?" she asked, less doubtingly than curiously; then she added coaxingly, "She is very fond of you—she will believe and do anything you say."

"I know what would soften her best," said Jim with shy suggestion; but, to his delight, Archibel only blushed deeply, and did not get angry or even annoyed.

In spite of the examples of Ophelia and Elaine, she began to see that really it would be the only way—not of course to make any promises, still less to make pretences—but just to let a little glimmer of hope into the extremely crowded atmosphere.

"I could not promise," she whispered shyly, and then drew back hastily as if she had said too much.

"Dear," cried Jim ecstatically, "I don't want a promise just yet; but if you would just say you would think about it?"

"Very well," said Archibel, with a sigh,

as if yielding to the crushing force of circumstances.

But it was not in human nature—certainly not in Archibel's—to give up her ideal all at once.

Jim went on to Ashlands alone to pave the way; perhaps he used material for his paving rather beyond what he was warranted in using—perhaps he understood Archibel better than she understood herself, and acted upon his superior knowledge; however he managed, Archibel found things much easier than she had dared to hope.

Mrs. Thompson said, "You silly child, what a fright you gave us all!" and there was an end of it; and, though Archibel knew only too well that such calm was unnatural, she was thankful for peace at any price.

She was tired to death and really ill, so it was perhaps the best thing she could do to go to bed, as she did at once.

It seemed to her that she had just had one long sound sleep and awakened from it, when she saw Jenny Brown sitting in the window working at her crewels; for a little time she thought she had dreamt everything that had happened since she last saw Jenny working at those everlasting dragons.

"Jenny," she said, not faintly, but naturally.

"Oh, you are awake!" said Jenny, laying down the dragons and coming to the bedside.

"Have I been very ill?" asked Archibel anxiously.

"No—only very tired. You have a little more than slept the clock twice round, with intervals for refreshment."

Archibel remembered now—remembered everything quite clearly, and knew how Jenny happened to be there quite as well as if she had been told; only she felt uncomfortably uncertain as to how far she had committed herself with regard to Jim, for Jenny said affectionately:

"Do you feel inclined to get up? Jim has been so anxious; I promised to tell him the minute you were awake."

Archibel felt a pleasant glow about her heart.

It was so nice to know that some one had really been waiting anxiously to hear about her.

She was not a forsaken, broken-hearted maiden; after all it was nicer to live and know that she was cared for than to "live forsaken and die forlorn;" but still she did not feel inclined to face the world outside her room.

"I would rather stay here quietly with you," she said. "Tell me all about it, Jenny. What have they been saying about me? Are they angry?"

"Not exactly angry," returned Jenny, a little surprised. "How could they be? You could not help the steamer going off with you before you expected it. We were all awfully frightened, of course, for no one could go after you quite at once. It seemed odd that you did not come back to Castle Kechnie instead of coming on here. I was unhappy, thinking you had run away from Jim; but when we came here we heard it was all right about you both; and everybody is so glad, dear Archibel."

"Is it right, Jenny?" asked Archibel uneasily.

"Is it not? But it must be, for Jim is so happy about it. What do you mean, my dear?"

"I don't know. I feel as if there had been some mistake; it seems as if the whole world were full of mistakes."

"Archibel, you surely don't mean that there is any mistake about you and Jim? He is so happy, it would break his heart if you were to repent—you mean to marry him, don't you?"

Archibel almost laughed. Jim was the kindest, most faithful, and best of men, with a warm true heart; but she could not imagine it to be a breakable heart, as Jim possessed so much common-sense.

She liked him dearly, but she thought it a pity a taste for the beautiful and a tendency to melancholia had not developed in him.

It was nice that he was so fond of her; but she believed that, since there were depths in her nature his could not sound, his love could not be what Oswin Thorold's must be for the blessed woman he had consecrated by his choice, and might have been

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She reddened on her pillow, and turned her head away.

Then she saw on a table at the other side of her bed a vase of most delicate flowers, lilies and white lapageria. She caught her breath; there were no flowers like these at Ashlands!

Was it possible that Mr. Thorold—surely only he could have chosen and arranged such a gift for his fair model?

Jenny saw her amazed delight, and the flush and brightening of her face.

"He will be so pleased you like them," she said. "He took such trouble to get them for you. They are his favorite flowers."

"Whose?"

Archibel really did not understand. Could Jenny be talking of Oswin so calmly?

"Jim's, of course. Did you think Henderson the gardener had sent them?"

"I had no idea he cared very much for flowers."

"Then you know very little about him. They are quite a passion of his, Archibel. You hardly know Jim at all; you will learn to know him better now. I am afraid you have made mistakes — at least about him."

"Jenny," said Archibel earnestly, "he is mistaken about me. I am really not the sort of wife for a man like him; he would not be happy with me, I am afraid. I know nothing about housekeeping and such things—I am not meant to be a useful sort of wife, such as he would want."

"But I think all men want useful wives, not Jim in particular. You can learn all about housekeeping."

Archibel said nothing, but she thought, "Poets and artists don't want useful wives."

It was difficult to come down from the pinnacle on which imagination had placed her—where she had seen herself, an embodiment of the Beautiful, worshipped unceasingly by a large-eyed æsthetic poet.

She could not be happy and contented thinking of herself as Jim's wife, though he had a taste for flowers, and was so true and tender-hearted, while she thought of that other glorified woman -- beautiful, happy, adored, painted and sung by her own private troubadour, Raffaelle and Petrarch combined in one.

She did not talk more then, for she had to get up and dress.

Jenny acted as maid, and then, as Archibel still dared not face Jim and her relations, they went out together for a breath of the warm sunshine-laden air.

It chanced that, crossing a field beyond the Ashlands garden, they met two women—one, a shabby common-looking woman, stout and high-colored, with a tangle of black curls almost covering her forehead.

She wore an ugly reddish-brown dress and an old tartan shawl.

Archibel would not have noticed her if the sight of her companion had not brought her heart into her mouth. She was Mrs. Wood, the Milham Hall housekeeper.

She recognized Archibel as they passed; but, after a few minutes, she returned alone, breathless with the hurry of overtaxing them.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said—"we heard her ladyship and all the family were in Scotland, or I would not have made bold to come to the house. It was about a girl who applied to me for the second housemaid's place. She said Lady Featherstonehaugh knew her."

"My aunt is at home," said Archibel; and something in her face—the intense interest, or rather the curiosity, she felt about that inmate of the Hall—invited Mrs. Wood to further conversation.

"That was Mrs. Thorold with me just now," she said, longing for a gossip. "Her husband—my lady's nephew—is ill at the Hall. He was sketching Luton Rocks, and had a fall, as you must have heard. Poor thing—she's gone to the chemist's for a lotion. A nice life he leads her—making her work harder than a servant for him!"

"That Mrs. Thorold!" Archibel exclaimed, in such unmitigated disgust that Mrs. Wood could not but excite it further.

"Yes. She's not the sort of wife you would expect for my lady's nephew, but she's a deal the best of the two. She was a pretty creature once, I have heard. That was how they met. She was what they call an artist's model. She says he never tired of painting her; but directly after they were married he seemed to tire of her altogether. He has used her cruelly—poor thing! She has had hardly enough to eat, while he has spent pounds and pounds over his own dinners; and many a time has she had to cook them, when he has not let her so much as taste them. He has a wardrobe full of fine clothes like a fashionable lady, and she has hardly what's necessary, let alone nice and new. He has neglected her shamefully, and goes painting other women; and she naturally doesn't like it. She says he has often given money enough for one flower that would have paid for two of such dinners as she should have had, and she has gone fasting. A heartless, greedy, selfish young scamp he always was from a boy. But I'm keeping you, miss. I'll go on now to see her ladyship about this young woman."

Jenny Brown, who knew nothing about Oswin Thorold in connection with Archibel, remarked innocently:

"Artists always seem to make bad husbands—or poets, I forget which. What, here is Jim. How pleased he looks to see you!"

He looked like the sunshine itself as he raised his hat on seeing them; and Archibel knew that, after all, she was loved as truly as any princess in old romance in her dragon-guarded castle, or as any of her ancestresses who were carried off by "gallants like young Lochinvar," and that in one man's faithful eyes she would remain beautiful long after time had stolen the bloom from her cheek.

* * * * * *

There was a marriage shortly afterwards; and, though the matter is never alluded to at Castle Kechnie, Jim is satisfied that he has no reason to regret Archibel's romance, and his wife is equally satisfied that she has won a true knight in her loyal and loving husband.

[THE END.]

"SOLD" AND NOT SOLD.—"I had an amusing experience once when I was a boy," writes a young farmer. "I confess that I was pretty green at the time. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus, and used to haul wood into the city and sell it. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when, as I passed a large building, some one poked his head partly out of a window and asked if the wood was for sale. I replied in the affirmative. 'Well, throw it over this fence,' came back from the upper window. The house was surrounded by a high wall, but I managed to pitch it over, and then went round to the front-gate to get my pay. I could not get in; I hammered and called in vain, when some passer-by, attracted by my frantic efforts to gain an entrance, inquired what was the matter, and informed me that the building was the jail. One of the prisoners had played a joke upon me. I could not get my money or the wood back, and returned home with empty wagon and pockets."

Of Leaving Home.

BY J. CASSELL.

TO my great anxiety and apprehension, I have to leave my house in charge of somebody or other, more or less trustworthy, once at least every year, and sometimes more than once.

I must have my summer outing. By the time that I have been sitting with my nose to that grindstone of a desk in the city, reading foreign correspondence and balancing business accounts, for nine or ten months together, I feel as mouldy and as rusty as an unclaimed consignment of dry goods, and must get a few weeks' blow on the hills or from the sea, cost what it may.

So off to the mountains or down to the seaside I go; and, as a matter of course, Mrs. Jones, who sets up an equal claim to dust and mouldiness, and who, further, has a solid conviction that I am incapable of taking care of myself, must go too; and thus the awful question arises, "Who is to take charge of the house during our absence?"

Various plans suggest themselves at this crisis.

I have a notion that we have tried pretty well all that are practicable, and that without hitting upon the right one. In the days of old servants, the thing was easy enough: one had but to give the necessary directions to the "trustworthy domestic," and one could depart in peace; but though we have been in search of the "trustworthy domestic" any time these ten years past, we have not been able to find her.

Just the reverse. Once we left cook and housemaid on board wages, with nothing else to do than to make themselves comfortable.

They made themselves too comfortable. Becoming seated with their own society, and the weariness of having little or nothing to do, they contrived to pick up a sweetheart apiece, and brought the young fellows indoors to enliven their solitude. Very lively indeed they grew after awhile; the inamoratos brought their friends, and these brought their own lasses, and one, more audaciously vivacious than the rest, actually brought a fiddler; and ere long a dance of ten couples came off in the drawing-room, with the folding-doors thrown open and the blinds undrawn that the neighbood might sympathize in the entertainment.

In the ardor of their innocent enjoyments, the guests, in a very few days, drank out my barrel of beer, which arrived only on the day we left, and then transferred their attentions to the port, of which about three dozen disappeared, although the bin was locked—the bottles being abstracted through the lid, one of the planks of which, having had its side nails punched in, was ingeniously converted into a sliding panel. The board wages, advanced beforehand, had been regarded as a mere perquisite, and the commissariat had been supplied as usual by my grocer to an unlimited extent.

Thanks to a neighbor I was enabled to surprise the party at the climax of their feasting, and with the aid of the police to bundle them all into the street.

The year after that we resolved to shut up the house and leave it in charge to nobody; and first moving the strong box, with all the valuables we could cram into it, to my banker's, we shut it up accordingly. But Nobody is a bad guardian.

He doesn't swig your ale or your port, but also he doesn't keep Somebody out; and Somebody comes in somehow or other (in our case it was through the trap-door in the roof), and does all the mischief for him.

We lost by his visit a lot of portable property, and should have lost much more if we had longer delayed our return; for the first sights that greeted us on re-entering were bundles of linen, bedding, clothing, and other matters lying packed in the hall, and ready for removal through the back garden, the door leading to which was left on the latch.

So the shutting-up plan was found not to answer.

My friend Brownjohn, who lives at the other end of the Crescent, had the kindness to condole with us on the exploits of Somebody, but could not refrain from insinuating that he had devised a much better plan for himself.

He and Mrs. B., he said, were going off to Atlantic with their infant, and should take the servants with them, leaving the house to Japonica, the gardener, who would sleep there every night.

Off they went, and Japonica took possession, sleeping in the house at night, and locking the door after him every morning at 6, when he went off to his work. They had not been gone a week, when a carriage drove up to the house about 11 in the morning, and a gentleman alighting hastened to open the door, and entering, was followed by two or three women in travelling cloaks and mufflers. The carriage drove off, but came again about an hour later, when the party re-entered it, and again drove away.

Japonica came in, about 9 o'clock, to his nightly rest. Then a disagreeable discovery awaited him.

He found that the whole house had been ransacked—every lock violently forced, and the contents of desks, drawers, cabinets, and wardrobes lay scattered in confusion everywhere. Brownjohn, being summoned immediately, came home post haste.

The detective who was called in explained the mystery at once. Some accomplished adept, he said, had learned—perhaps from the unsuspecting gardener himself—the fact of the house being deserted during the day; had found a key to fit the door, and once he had done that, there being no interior fastenings to withstand his entrance, the contents of the house were at his mercy.

The women in travelling cloaks were female practitioners, and were accustomed to make short work in such affairs.

They had managed the business, in his opinion, in first-rate style—that is to say, with admirable dexterity and dash.

There is a class of old, or oldish, women who make a profession of taking charge of houses in the absence of their proprietors. Mrs. Bloggins, the occasional charwoman, is one of this class, and is always at call, being only too glad to give up her two or three days a week charing for the certainties of a "house to mind," which, at any rate, is good for bed and board and firing, and a few weekly dollars to boot.

But though Mrs. Bloggins has seen so much of the world, she has unfortunately failed to fathom its illusions, and is not quite a sharp enough guardian to property in these evil days.

Last autumn Mr. Servawrit, the lawyer, migrated with his family to Long Branch, leaving Mrs. Bloggins in highly satisfied possession of his handsome residence, with nothing for the old dame to do but to answer calls and forward letters.

All went well for a time; but one fine morning comes a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, announcing the arrival of a magnificently dressed gentleman, in patent leather and lavender kid gloves, hot with haste and urgency, to consult with Mr. Servawrit on business of momentous import.

"Not at home, my good woman? Nonsense! I tell you I must see him!"

"I beg your honor's pardon, I'm sure, sir; but all the family is gone to the ocean."

"Dear me! dear me. Tell me, where will a letter reach him?"

"This here's the place, sir—handing him a card with the address.

"I must write to him this instant. Show me where I can write—not a moment must be lost. Quick, my good woman! quick for goodness sake!"

"This way, if you please, sir," and Mrs. Bloggins shows the gorgeous stranger into the back dining-room and seats him at Mrs. Servawrit's handsome desk, where are abundant writing materials; and, to show her manners, there she leaves him to transact his correspondence.

If she could have seen how effectually, with a small implement produced from his vest pocket, he fastened the door after her, and how deftly he opened, cleared out, and reclosed the chest containing the plate, stowing the latter in his legion of pockets, she would have swooned away on the spot.

Next, he writes a note, lets himself out into the hall, hands the note and a dollar (a counterfeit) to the dame, exacts a promise that she will post the missive at once, and grandly stalks away.

Mr. Servawrit gets the important letter next day.

"DEAR SIR"—it runs—"I can but compliment you on the good taste you have shown in the selection of your plate. I was always partial to the fiddle-patterned articles, and when elegantly chased, as yours are, they are doubly welcome. The fish slices and the gravy spoons are substantial and to my liking. The toddy ladles are really unique. I approve also of the punch bowl, which last-named article I shall preserve in remembrance of my brief sojourn under your roof. Yours (they were, mine they are),

"GOT 'EM."

And thus, adding insult to injury, was Mr. Servawrit enlightened as to the hazards of leaving home.

ACCORDING to a contemporary the Queen's private correspondence has lately been so "exceptionally heavy" that her Majesty has often been engaged at it till past midnight.

This is all nonsense, and, as a matter of fact, the Queen never concerns herself with public or private business or with correspondence (apart from telegrams, which arrive and are dispatched by dozens every day) except between breakfast and luncheon.

This has been the rule (and a very judicious one it is) throughout her life. At Balmoral the official boxes and nearly all the private correspondence arrive about 6 in the morning, the messenger having left Euston Square at 11 on the previous morning. Everything is dealt with between 9:30 and 11:15, during which time the Queen works as hard as any clerk in London, her private secretary also being actively engaged in another room. At 1:30 the messenger who arrived the day before (they are always allowed to rest a day and night) starts for Ballater with a full sack, and at 8 the next morning he is at Kingscross.

FEW persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them to the praise which deceives them.

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Once more I linger by the flowing stream,
And there alone I muse, and, musing, dream
Of days gone by, when, on the willow'd shore,
Sweet words were breath'd that I shall hear no more!

Once more, across the flow'r-bejewel'd vale,
I hear the music of the nightingale,
And in my hand another gently rests,
While kindred hearts throb fast in kindred breasts!

How sweet to know that we shall part no more,
But be as one, while life shall still endure!
To know that thou art mine, and mine alone,
As I, dear love, am evermore thine own!

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IT is the queerest house I was ever in! I wonder what they call it, and why they built it without any stairs? I wonder how long they will let me stay here? I wonder if my poor old granny has frightened herself half to death yet, and whether grandpa has quite raged the house down? I don't care a fig about him; but I'm afraid I ought not to have run away without telling her, poor old dear! I wonder if it will be long before my foot gets better, and where in the world I shall go to when it does? I wonder who the big brown gentleman is? Oh, dear, how nice it would be if he would only let me stay here with that dear little funny child."

Mother Hubbard concluded her wondering colloquy with a sigh, and shook her head reprovingly at the little bandaged foot upon the bed-sock in front of her.

She was sitting in the big arm-chair at the edge of the fur rug, in the room where Mr. Ackland had smoked his pipe the night before, to which she had contrived to limp, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Boskett.

That dismal woman had brought her her breakfast, and Floss had come and crouched down on the rug and watched her eat it—silently at first, and afterwards giving vent to a volley of questions.

Now she had run out into the garden to her father, who was walking up and down in the chilly sunshine, smoking his pipe placidly.

Every time his stalwart figure passed the two windows Huldah was terribly frightened, fearing that he was really coming into the room at last.

Floss came tripping in alone presently, in a dark stuff frock apparently cut—doubtless by the art of Mrs. Boskett—after the same shape as her night-dress, it was so very straight and sacklike.

The sleeves came down to her wrists, and it was tied in round her waist by a broad sash of flaring orange ribbon.

Dressed like this, and with her long thick dark hair flying just as it would, Floss looked as quaint and old-fashioned a little creature as ever was seen.

She came in with a rush, paused bashfully, thumb in mouth, and seemed inclined to run out again.

"Come here, darling, won't you?" said Huldah coaxingly, bending forward in her chair as far as the bandaged foot would let her. "I can't get up to come to you, you know, because my poor foot hurts me. Come and tell me what your name is, won't you—your own real name?"

Floss sidled a little nearer, and then a little nearer still, finally plumping down upon her knees with the laconic response—

"Flawence."

"Florence?" said Huldah, laughing at the queer little lisp.

The child had leaned her folded arms upon the girl's knee, and the large dark eyes were most solemnly intent upon the blue ones.

"Yes; that's very pretty. Florence what?"

"Flawence Ackland."

"Then," said Huldah, wrinkling her brows, "your papa out there is Mr. Ackland?"

"Course he is," replied Floss placidly. "An' he says you're a very naughty little girl."

"Does he? Why?"

"Cause you wun away, an' cause you walked in here. Mrs. Boskett ought to ve called him to carwy you. What did you wun away for? Was it away from your farver?" asked Floss, getting over her shyness, and becoming delightfully cool and impertinent, after the manner of her age.

"No; I haven't a father, Floss. I ran away because my grandpapa was dreadfully rude to me and scolded me."

"Papa don't ever scold me," said Floss, in a satisfied tone—"not never!"

"Doesn't your mamma?"

"Haven't got any," returned Floss, with complete heartlessness and indifference. "There's just papa an' me; we don't want any mammas!" most contemptuously. "What's your name? I asked him just now, an' he said he didn't know, but that it ought to be Mother Hubbard, 'cause last night you was dwessed up all in a big bwown cloak. He's silly—Mother Hubbard was an old woman, not a little girl! That isn't your name, is it?"

The bitter smile that flitted over the tremulous scarlet lips which James Ryder had kissed the previous day was altogether beyond Floss's baby-ken.

It was odd, the girl thought, that this nickname should have been given her by both these men—the name which only on the preceding night she had hoped she would never hear again.

Then she stooped forward laughingly, and kissed Floss's sweet little lips.

"No; that isn't my name, darling. It is Huldah Brook."

"Here's papa!" screamed Floss, jumping up.

Mr. Ackland had been in the room for fully a minute before his daughter thus announced him—quite in time to hear the name of the pretty child whom he had found the previous night.

She looked so very small and childish, leaning back in the arms of the great chair, in her short blue serge frock, her face so round and dimpled, and the short bright rings of golden hair curled over her forehead in such a babyish fashion, that he felt sure she was very young indeed—twice as old as Floss perhaps, but no older.

So he approached her in quite a paternal manner, and put his large hand upon the little bland head, almost as if she had been Floss herself.

"So you are better this morning, my dear? That's right! But you should not have walked in here; you will be giving another twist to that poor little foot of yours—and that won't do at any price! Does it hurt you much?"

"Hardly a bit now; and I feel very much better, thank you," faltered Huldah, feeling considerably less afraid of him than she expected, although he was so big.

He was quite old, she decided, stealing side-glances at him from under her long lashes, as he sat down and Floss scrambled upon his knee.

She could see the silvery threads in his beard and hair and long curling moustache; so it could not matter in the least about his patting her head and calling her my dear, as though she were a child.

"I—I am very sorry I gave you so much trouble last night," she said shyly, not raising her blue eyes any higher than the thick beard which Floss had clutched as she hauled and wriggled herself into a comfortable position; "but my foot hurt me so when I tried to stand up that I couldn't help fainting. I never fainted before."

"Poor little woman! Perhaps you never hurt yourself so much before," returned Mr. Ackland kindly. "How was it? Did you tumble down?"

"Yes; I was frightened—the lane was so dark, and it was getting so late, and I hardly knew which was the right way to Sprigglestone," she stammered, blushing hotly, for she felt that his next question would be awkward, and she knew that she could not tell "fibs" well, "and so I ran as fast as I could, until I caught my foot against a stone and fell. When I tried to get up again, I found I couldn't, because it hurt me so."

The recollection of her past night's helplessness and desolation overwhelmed her for a moment.

"Oh, I don't know what I should have done," she cried, taking courage to look up into the kind bearded face opposite to her, "if you hadn't found me!"

"I am glad I did, my dear. And so you live in Sprigglestone, and were going home, were you?"

"No, she wasn't," said Floss the marplot, confidently. "She was wunning away—not fwom her farver, 'cause he's dead, but fwom her grandfarver, 'cause he scolded her!"

Huldah glanced swiftly at Mr. Ackland, saw that he looked grave as well as amused, although not at all surprised, and then she dropped her eyes, blushing scarlet.

"Is that how it was, my child?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes," she muttered very unwillingly. He would want to send her back, or take her back—she was sure he would, and she would not go—not for all the big brown-bearded men in the universe!

"Don't you think you are a very silly little girl to do that, as well as a naughty one?" he asked; and she knew quite well that he was almost laughing at her. "But you are sorry enough by now, I am sure. You must tell me where your grandfather lives, so that I may send to him and inform him that you are safe."

He waited a moment; but she remained silent and pouting.

"Come," he said persuasively—"tell me, like a good girl. Don't you know that the poor old gentleman is most likely half out of his wits about you by this time?"

"I can't tell you!"

Huldah turned away her face stubbornly. It was rather exasperating, after all, she thought, being coaxed and talked to as if she were no older than Floss.

He must be "a great stupid" not to see that she was a woman. She felt very much of a woman indeed since the previous day.

"I can't tell you," she repeated; "and I can't go back. My grandfather won't care, either. He doesn't love me—he hates me! He'll be glad to get rid of me, I think. I ran away yesterday because he had spoken to me horribly, abominably, and because I couldn't stand it and wouldn't; and"—turning round in the big chair with a gleam of defiance in the blue eyes—"if you find out where I belong and take me back, I shall only just run away again."

Mr. Ackland pulled his long moustache perplexedly, and sat looking dubiously at the small figure, the little blond head, and the angry, flushed, dimpled face.

He did not quite know what to do or say next.

She was only a child, of course; and yet that passionate outburst had hardly sounded childlike.

The scarlet lips were trembling too, as if very little more would make her cry; and he was afraid that it would hardly do to take her on his knee and comfort her as he comforted Floss when she came weeping to him with grazed elbows or bumped head.

Altogether the diversion Floss made just at that moment was exceedingly welcome.

She had scrambled down from her father's knee and run to the window. Now she turned round, proclaiming loudly:

"Papa, papa—here comes a lady!"

Mr. Ackland got up quickly, and saw, just shutting his garden gate behind her, one of the trimmest, brightest, smartest-looking of small middle-aged ladies. She moved so quickly and briskly that he was hardly at the front-door in time to greet her, which he did with—

"Why, aunt Georgy—you already!"

"My dear Caleb, positively I think you grow bigger every time I see you!"

The little aunt stood on tip-toe to kiss her big nephew—a caress which he not only endured amiably, but returned affectionately. "Dear me—you are a perfect giant! Here already, you say? Yes; Stiff and I arrived only last night—a full week before our time. But I had got thoroughly tired of visiting about from place to place, and quite longed to sit down by my own fire at the Gables again; and so, while Stiff was busy unpacking and putting things to rights, I thought I must just run round and see how you were getting on. No, thanks I won't come in. I'll just sit down here and rest for a little while. After such a dismal day as yesterday, the sun this morning is delightful!"

Miss Georgiana Milroy—one of the brightest, pleasantest, and prettiest of that much-maligned class, old maids—sat down briskly upon a certain rustic seat where her nephew was accustomed to smoke his pipe in summer-time, and chatted on with great liveliness and spirit about Stiff's disagreeable temper, the servants' neglect of the house while she had been away, the dreadfully long, cold, and uncomfortable journey she had had the previous day, with Stiff sulky all the time, and of a dozen other things.

Floss came racing out, having been detained by Mrs. Boskett to have her face washed and her frock pulled straight, and was taken up and kissed a score of times, and then, having had a large bag of sweets bestowed upon her, rushed off indoors again, crying out over her shoulder that she was going to give some to the little girl.

Looking after the quaint little flying figure, Miss Milroy's thoughts and talk were suddenly directed to a new subject.

"Caleb"—she looked up at her nephew sharply—"really, my dear boy, it is no business of mine, I am aware; but pray how long do you mean to go on like this?"

"Go on like this?" he quickly echoed. "How?"

"Why, in this altogether ridiculous way!" cried Miss Georgiana briskly. "Don't be absurd, Caleb! You know you understand me perfectly. How long do you mean to go on living alone in this tumble-down place like a hermit or a miser, or some such preposterous creature, and letting your daughter go to rack and ruin with no one but that dismal housekeeper-woman to look after her?"

"Floss is all right," said Caleb Ackland slowly, a flush rising to his brown face, for Floss was his weak point. "She's as happy as it is possible to be, bless her heart!"

"Happy!" echoed Miss Milroy. "Yes, I have no doubt of that. You are bound to pet and spoil any child or woman that ever falls in your way, I know; but really, my dear boy, that isn't everything. It has been very well for the past four or five years perhaps, although how you have endured life here I don't know; but she will not always be a child, you know. She's a dear little thing, I admit; but she ought to have different surroundings and different companions. Your living here as you do is the queerest freak that ever was, when one thinks that you could afford to be so different. You ought to think of Floss, she'll be a perfect little savage in a year or two; and only look at her dress!"

"Her dress? What's the matter with it?" asked the perplexed father, tugging at his moustache uneasily. "It—it's all right, isn't it?"

"All right?" echoed Miss Milroy, laughing. "My dear boy, the poor little soul looks as much like a wild Indian as anything else! If you will insist upon living here as you do, I really think you must, as I have so often suggested before, let me have Floss at the Gables."

Mr. Ackland frowned and shook his head.

"Thanks, aunt Georgy! You're very good, but I can't part with her."

"Then," cried Miss Georgiana, with pretty impatient tartness and an equally pretty emphatic gesture, "you must just do the other thing that I have been urging upon you for years—marry again, respectably, and give the child a mother."

"Didn't I marry respectably last time?" asked her nephew, with a short laugh that was perfectly good-tempered.

"Nonsense—you know what I mean! You would make one of the best husbands in the world; and it is quite absurd of you to think of living the rest of your life alone—a young man like you."

"Young? I'm just thirty seven, aunt Georgy," said Caleb shortly.

"Well, what of that? I'm forty-five; and I don't feel a day older than I did when I was thirty, although I'm a woman. You had better think of it, Caleb, for Floss's sake as well as your own. What a pity it is," said Miss Georgiana reflectively, "that Agatha Woodward is not a few years older, and that you couldn't fall in love with her! She is a sweet girl!"

"So she is," assented her nephew—"a trifle too sweet for my taste! Look here, aunt Georgy—never mind me and my matrimonial concerns for the present; there's something else I want to speak of. You couldn't have come in at a better time. I have a little girl indoors there, and what to do with the stubborn little puss is more than I know."

With this exordium, which caused Miss Milroy to open her pretty bird-like brown eyes in utter astonishment, her nephew plunged into a full account of his finding of Mother Hubbard, together with a recital of the little maid's present obstinacy.

Miss Georgiana listened, and, understanding perfectly what was required of her, rose briskly from the rustic seat.

"I'll go and talk to her, Caleb. Poor little thing! I daresay you half frightened her with that great beard of yours, you giant! She'll tell me fast enough, you'll find!"—and the little lady sailed confidently indoors.

Mr. Ackland lighted his pipe again, and strolled up and down while waiting. Floss came out presently and climbed upon the rustic seat with her doll, beginning to hear it "say its lessons"—a proceeding accompanied by much sighing, raising of the eyebrows, and shaking of the head, evidently copied from Mrs. Boskett.

When the pipe was smoked out and the doll was being put to sleep, Miss Georgiana came out of the house.

"Well?" asked her nephew.

"Well?" echoed Miss Milroy. "Give me your arm, Caleb, and let us walk down to the gate—Floss is all ears, little puss! Who do you think that girl is? I really knew before she told me, for she is the perfect image of what her mother used to be, poor dear girl, when she and I were at school together—I the eldest and she the youngest in the place. She is Maggie Drake's daughter!"

"Maggie Drake's daughter?" repeated Caleb.

To his knowledge he had never heard of Maggie Drake.

"Why—yes!"

Miss Milroy gave his arm an impatient little shake.

"You must have heard me talk of Maggie. To be sure, it is years ago, and you men are so forgetful! Perhaps though you never did hear me speak of her. She was at the same school with me at Folkestone twenty—ah, five-and-twenty—years ago and more, and was the sweetest, prettiest creature in the place. The other girls snubbed her because she was not genteel enough to suit their taste—her parents kept an inn somewhere in Milford Parva, about fifty miles from here; but I liked the child, and I made a pet of her. But you know what girls are—we both left, and I heard of her only once after she was married. She married a man named Brook—a gentleman, but with no money, who afterwards went abroad to seek his fortune. He went to Brisbane—the same place that you were silly enough to go to. Do you recollect seeing or hearing anything of him?"

"Brook? No; I don't seem to recollect the name."

"Well, at any rate, he went there; and I suppose he died there, poor fellow, for money and letters ceased to come. Poor Maggie is dead—pined away seven years ago. This girl, Huldah, who ran away, the little simpleton, is the child."

"Do you mean to say she ran away from Milford Parva, fifty miles off?" cried Mr. Ackland, quite aghast.

"My dear boy, no! Of what can you be thinking? The Drakes—her grandfather and grandmother—left Milford Parva before poor Maggie's death. They are keeping 'The Golden Fleece' at Underhay. Most odd that I never chanced to see the girl! I should have known her instantly, I am certain—she is so exactly like poor Maggie."

"What did she run away for?" asked Caleb bluntly.

"Oh, it was all old Drake's fault!" replied Miss Georgiana. "He was always a terribly disagreeable, grumbling, sour, cantankerous old creature, I know; and no doubt he gets worse as he gets older. He had been bullying and scolding the child, it seems, and in a temper the little puss ran away."

"Poor little soul! She's a pretty child! She must go back though, of course."

"Not at all," corrected Miss Milroy coolly. "I am going to keep her with me."

"With you?"

"Yes. What was I saying just now about Stiff's airs and tempers and so on? Huldah will just suit me—she is a dear little thing, and I shall be fond of her for her mother's sake. She was delighted at the prospect, and jumped at my offer. As soon as I have had luncheon I shall drive over to Underhay to arrange things. Until then she can stay where she is, of course?"

"Oh, of course!" assented Caleb mechanically.

He was thinking of the slender figure in the great chair, of the lovely dimpled stubborn face turned from him with drooping lashes and scarlet pouting lips—above all,

of the two innocent heads resting together upon the white pillow the night before.

He was glad to think that the Gables was to be the home and refuge of the pretty child.

"It's a very good idea, aunt Georgy," he said cordially. "It's to be hoped the old people won't object."

"If they do, she's old enough to choose for herself."

Miss Milroy looked up into her nephew's brown face with an amused expression.

"Ay-the-way, Caleb, why do you call her a child?"

"Why?" he echoed. "Because she is one, isn't she?"

"That depends upon how you look at it. Pray, how old do you take her to be?"

"Why, I don't know—about thirteen or fourteen, I suppose?"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Miss Georgiana, laughing. "She is nearly twenty-one, Caleb."

"The dickens she is!"

He looked perfectly aghast.

"And I talked to her as if she had been Flossi"

Miss Milroy's merry laugh rang out.

"Well, I don't know how I was to know any better," he said deprecatingly. "I'm sure she looks young enough; and she is such a little scrap of a thing! I took her for a child."

"I don't know how it is, Caleb," said Miss Milroy, as she swung open the gate, "but you seem to think that every woman who is less than five feet six and under thirty must of necessity be a child. Huldah Brook is nearly twenty-one, I tell you; she is a woman, and a very pretty one too."

Mr. Ackland did not dispute that last fact in the least; but it was hard to think of her as a woman—the pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed child whom he had carried in his arms on the previous night and christened "Mother Hubbard."

CHAPTER VI.

LONG End, the little suburb of Sprigglestone, which lay snugly to the left of the fork of the road where Mother Hubbard had come to grief, might rather have been called Short End, so small and prim a place was it—like a doll's house or toy-box village.

It had just a few little cottages, just a few tiny shops.

At one end was Long Cottage, where Mr. Caleb Ackland lived, and at the other the Gables—one of the prettiest little places that ever was seen, where lived Miss Georgia Milroy with her confidential maid and housekeeper Mrs. Stiff, a couple of smart maids, a gardener-coachman-groom-footman, butler, which combination wore only one livery coat and bore the name of Scrap—a small footboy, all impudence, carelessness, incompetence, and buttons—and the pretty little blonde beauty of a companion whom Mrs. Stiff did not approve of, called Huldah Brook.

Miss Milroy had carried out the determination expressed to her nephew at the garden gate of Long Cottage; she had driven her pony-carriage into Underbay that very afternoon, and, so far from meeting with anything like opposition to her scheme, had found it hailed with delight—from very different motives—by both Mr. and Mrs. Drake.

Old Isaac called his granddaughter an impudent, runaway, saucy jade, and wished Miss Milroy joy of her bargain, adding that Huldah would catch something not specified if she showed her face before him in a hurry again.

His gentle old wife had cried, and tremblingly assured the brisk and bright-eyed little lady that Huldah was a dear child, the best of girls, but that she had a little bit of a temper and a fiery spirit, and that Isaac had always been hard with her.

Finally, Miss Georgiana, very well satisfied with the result of her visit, had come out of "The Golden Fleece" with the best of the child's belongings in a big brown paper parcel, and had driven her ponies back to Long End and Long Cottage.

Mr. Ackland had carefully carried out a little figure wrapped in a brown cloak, which Floss clung to and kissed and wailed after piteously; and Miss Milroy whisked it off to the Gables then and there.

"She's a dear little thing—she will just suit me; and I shall be fond of her for her mother's sake," the blithe and very brisk little spinster had said; and certainly it seemed as if the prophecy were true, for Miss Georgiana—to Mrs. Stiff's lofty disgust—spoilt her little companion almost hourly.

She had the prettiest of dresses and hats, the daintiest of little boots and gloves; the best master in Sprigglestone came to give her lessons in music and singing—she could play a little to start with, and her voice was as sweet as a lark's; she was petted, caressed, and coaxed as never a companion was yet, and in a general way she did just as she pleased.

There was nothing she liked better than to go down the little village street, or, better still, take the short cut through a picturesque strip of lane and across a couple of meadows, to Long Cottage to play with Floss, who adored her.

Floss had never held a needle in her hand before; but she hemmed a handkerchief for papa, with stitches not more than a quarter of an inch long, under Huldah's coaxing tuition.

Floss did not know her letters, and had been used to stamp and sulk in an alarming manner at the mere production of a spelling-book.

By Huldah's petting and kisses she conquered the alphabet in a very short time, and was soon able to proclaim aloud, without any stops, the tragic result of Frank Pitt's abnormal appetite.

Huldah brought her from the Gables the prettiest of lace-trimmed pinafores and the gayest of sashes, and coaxed the long thick mane of dark hair into very heavy, smooth curls, to the joy of Floss's feminine soul.

The garden at Long Cottage was a most delightful old wilderness of fruit, flowers, and grass-plot.

When the sewing and spelling were over, the pair romped about it, ran races, swung in the great swing, which was big enough to hold them both, and played ball, until Floss was too tired with running and laughing to do more than sit with her arms round Huldah's waist and her head in Huldah's lap, listening to a fairy-tale.

Just outside the verandah Mr. Ackland used to sit on his favorite seat, with his pipe, and watch the two girls with a kindly, sober look in his eyes.

He did not treat Miss Brook as a child now—he had always for her the gentlest, most courteous politeness.

He never forgot that she was twenty-one—or that he was thirty-seven.

No doubt he seemed as old to her as she seemed young to him, he thought—indeed, he was given to think and wonder about it a good deal.

"Miss Georgiana," said Huldah abruptly one day early in June, when she had been for a romp with Floss at Long Cottage, and untidy, to find Miss Milroy taking her afternoon cup of tea by herself in the shaded drawing-room, "may I ask you just a question or two, please?"

"A question or two?" returned Miss Georgiana. "I'm glad it's no more, my dear. You ask enough as a rule, goodness knows, you little chatterbox! Take off your hat, and sit down and get your tea, child. How flushed you are! You really ought not to romp so with that little madcap of a Floss! You will have to rest before you dress. Surely you don't forget that we dine at the Manor? By-the-way, did Caleb say for certain whether he meant to go?"

"Oh, yes!"

Huldah had taken off her hat, and stood fanning herself with it—a slim little figure in a white short ruffled golden hair, and a bunch of early pink roses pinned just beneath her dimpled chin.

"I asked him, and he said 'Yes'—he would be sure to go."

"Well, I am glad of that," said Miss Milroy, with an approving air. "He promised, I know; but really he is such an unaccountable hermit that one never knows what he will do. Drink your tea, child; it will be cold. And what is your question, pray?"

"It's about him," faltered Huldah, with the color deepening in her cheeks—"Mr. Ackland, I mean. You don't mind telling me, do you, Miss Georgiana?—and you know I don't mean to be rude. Is he—very old?"

"Old, child!" cried the little lady sharply. "What put that into your head?"

"I—I wondered—that's all," stammered the girl. "He doesn't look as if he was, but he talks like it sometimes, I think."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Miss Georgiana with scorn. "A fad of his, my dear—a foolish way he has somehow! Old? Certainly not! He is only thirty-seven. That is nothing for a man."

"No," murmured Huldah softly, as though speaking to herself. "I didn't think he was old. I couldn't feel that he was."

She drank her tea thoughtfully, and leaned her dimpled elbows upon the table, resting her cheeks in her two little palms.

"That's only one question," she pursued seriously; "and I said two or three, didn't I? Miss Georgiana, I want to know very much, if you will tell me—was his wife very nice and pretty?"

"How in the world, my dear, should I know?" cried Miss Milroy, with a swift glance. "I never saw her!"

"You never saw her?" echoed the girl, astonished.

"Certainly not, my dear. She was an Australian; Caleb met her in Brisbane—that horrid place that he insisted upon going out to before he was one-and-twenty, like the silly boy he was! He married her in less than a year afterwards; but it was eight or nine years before Floss was born, and she died a month after."

"Then you don't know what she was like?" said Huldah musingly.

"Not in the least, child. She was three or four years older than he, I know. I believe Floss is a little like her."

"I wonder if he was very fond of her?" murmured Mother Hubbard, musingly plaiting a fold in her white skirt.

"Fond of her!" echoed Miss Milroy briskly. "Why, bless me, child, what are you thinking about? Of course he was fond of her! Wasn't she his wife?"

"Oh, that doesn't follow as a matter of course at all!" declared Miss Brook, nodding sagely. "Not a bit, Miss Georgiana! I know better than that! Why, grandpa is grandma's husband; and I'm sure, if I had been she, often and often when he went on so I should have just thrown something at him!"

Miss Georgiana, modestly mindful of her state of spinsterhood, felt that it was not for her to offer any objection to this summary method of adjusting conjugal differences.

She discreetly changed the conversation to the subject of her dress for the Manor dinner, and particularly to the tasteful arrangement of lace for her still pretty and abundant hair, which Mrs. Stiff, regardless of remonstrance, had insisted upon making up after the model of her own substantial caps, to the dismay of her mistress.

Huldah must alter it for her. Miss Milroy was conscious of being a spinster, and no longer a young one, but she had a good deal of pretty and harmless vanity still.

The Manor was the finest house in Sprigglestone, and belonged to the oldest and most important family—in the opinion of its mistress, the most important family not only in Gravelshire, but in England.

She had been a widow with one son when middle-aged, pompous Francis Corolyn had married her; now she was a widow again, with a young Francis Corolyn, aged seventeen, whom she never really forgave for being heir and future owner of the Manor in the place of her elder son, whom she adored.

As a rule, she lived in her great stately house all the year round, liking her important position in Sprigglestone and its neighborhood too well to diminish it by going away to places where the Corolyns of the Manor were no more honored than the vulgar herd.

There lived with her, as well as her younger son, her niece Agatha Woodward, heiress of thirty thousand pounds.

Mrs. Corolyn's dignity, which was rather of a self-assertive and aggressive nature, had been a good deal upset by the cool and matter-of-course introduction upon terms of equality of Huldah Brook, Miss Milroy's little companion.

But Mrs. Corolyn did not choose to quarrel with Miss Milroy; and sweet, dark-eyed, gentle Agatha, with whom for certain reasons her aunt had no desire to fall out, took a great fancy to the dimpled little childish beauty, whose pretty spirit and audacity formed such a contrast to her own sedate sweetness.

So, whenever the lady of the Gables was bidden to the Manor, there always came an invitation to little Mother Hubbard also.

Young Frank Corolyn, in a blundering, boyish, bashful way, was tremendously in love with Miss Brook—a devotion which was in no way diminished by his adoration treating him with a delightful elderly air of superiority, as though he were seven instead of seventeen.

Mrs. Corolyn was lofitly gracious to little Miss Brook, and exceedingly pitiful of Miss Georgiana's infatuation for that young person.

The dinner at the Manor on this particular evening was excellent as far as the cooking went and pleasant with regard to the company who sat down to it.

Mrs. Corolyn in particular was unusually talkative, gracious, and cordial; but upon Miss Woodward's pretty face there was an unusually serious look.

After dinner, when the Rector and Mr. Ackland remained in the dining-room, and the Rector's wife, Miss Milroy, and their hostess talked their cheerful good-natured country gossip by one of the wide-open windows of the drawing-room, and Agatha was at the piano playing softly so as not to interrupt the elder ladies, young Frank, who had been bashfully sidling nearer and nearer to Miss Brook's low chair, took courage at last to come and lean awkwardly upon the back of it, looking down at the little blond head of his divinity.

"The mother is uncommonly lively to-night, Miss Brook—don't you think so?"

"Why—yes; I did fancy so. What is the reason of it? Have you been an extra good boy?" asked Huldah, looking up mischievously, and speaking in the tone that always most agonized her youthful adorer.

"Pooh, of course not!"

Frank would have liked to resent her question; but he knew she might possibly take the altogether unbearable revenge of not speaking to him again all the evening.

"It's too bad of you to chaff a fellow, Miss Brook," he said dolefully. "It isn't anything that I've done. When the mother is especially lively, it is always for one particular reason. She is so to-night because Jem is coming."

"Jem?" repeated Miss Brook questioningly, having never heard of Jem.

"Yes, my half-brother, her eldest son, you know. You don't mean that you've never heard of him?"

"Oh, I know Mrs. Corolyn has an elder son, of course; but I did't know what his name was!" returned Huldah, also confidentially whispering, for she was roguishly conscious that Mrs. Corolyn was on thorns at sight of her talking to Frank. "So he is coming, is he? And to stay, I suppose? Aren't you glad?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAMED HER "VACCINE."—A happy father out in Massachusetts State, receiving a Buffalo exchange, had his child, a girl three months old, vaccinated recently. "By George, isn't that great!" he exclaimed, as he saw the doctor at work.

"By Jove, why I guess I'll call her by that name! Vaccine! Why that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccine Virus Saunders! Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Dear little Vaccine!"

The mother strongly objected to this appellation for the infant. She wanted it named Imogene, but the father was determined, and Vaccine Virus Saunders she will go through life.

Scientific and Useful.

CLEANING OIL.—A process recently devised for cleaning lubricating oil that has been once used so that it may be used again, consists in pouring it gently over a strongly magnetized bed of iron. The metal attracts to it all the metallic particles. The oil is then filtered.

TAKING FIRE.—It is a curious fact that wasps' nests sometimes take fire, as is supposed, by the chemical action of the wax upon the material of which the nest is composed. Undoubtedly many fires of unknown origin in hay-stacks and farm-buildings may thus be accounted for.

A SUN-STOVE.—A Massachusetts inventor has devised a simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. This device is placed outside the building, so that the sun can shine directly into it. The rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, heating it to a high temperature and warming the air in the box. The air, which on sunny days rises to a temperature of 80° Fahr., is conveyed into the room which is to be heated.

THE BEST.—Fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best resist fire, water and frost. Next to these in the order of fire-resisting qualities come concretes and burned-clay work. In the best work done the iron work is incased in porous terra-cotta, tile or brick work in roof, floor and tile construction. The hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate or any good weather-proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick. Iron and steel framework incased in fire proof materials gives the best possible results. There is a growing preference for light porous walls of hollow material protecting an iron or wooden framework. Massive and heavy walls of brick or stone will do for architecture, but they are not as much of a mechanical necessity as they were regarded a few years ago.

INTEREST MACHINE.—A machine by which the interest on any sum from $10 000 to $1, from ten years to one day, at any rate per cent., may be determined in thirty seconds, by simply turning a knob, has been patened recently. An interest sheet is wound round the rollers inside the machine, which are rotated by the knobs at the side to stop at the given amount desired and given rate per cent., as printed on the interest sheet, this portion then appearing in open space on the left hand margin of the machine. Then the small metal tablets on the face and across the centre are thrown up with the point of the pencil, for the time the interest is to be computed. This being done the required interest is in plain view. By the use of this machine, all of the mental and three-fourths of the physical labor is dispensed with.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWER PLOTS.—It has been suggested that if small plots of ground should be attached to public schools, and flowers cultivated, not only would the grounds be made attractive and beautiful, but botany could be made a study as well.

UNDER COVER.—Place your manure heap under cover so as to be able to work it over in winter. Rains should never fall on the manure at any season. It is of great advantage to turn over the heap in winter, create heat and thereby decompose the materials, in order to render them fine and in good condition for spreading on the land in spring.

TREES.—Never grow trees of different kinds together until satisfied one does not injure the other, as is frequently the case when plums are grown near peaches, thus inducing the curculio to sometimes attack the latter. A single wild cherry tree near an apple orchard will provide a harboring place for caterpillars, which finally injure the apple orchard.

THE WEATHER.—A new weather prediction has been discovered by a French scientist. He observes that the scintillations of stars increase before many storms, indicating disturbances of the upper atmosphere hours before the meteorological instruments show any change. The fiercer the storm the more is the strength of the scintillations increased.

TIME TO MARKET.—There is a time to market produce, and that must be regarded if success is hoped for. It is decidedly best to market as much produce as possible in the immediate vicinity of one's home, and to sell direct to the consumer. In this way usually better prices are maintained, as there are no middle-men to get their share, and there is also the advantage of dealing with people whose standing is familiarly known. But even if lower prices must be taken as a rule, it is better to sell near home than to take the risk of marketing at a distance.

THE SAVINGS BANK.—The value of the food is not in the available material contained therein for the production of meat or milk only, but also in the amount and quality of the manure derived therefrom. It has been estimated that one-third of the food eaten goes into the manure. As the manure, then, is simply the food stored away for future use, it is important that in order to derive the greatest benefit from the food, manure should be carefully managed to prevent loss. As the food is not exposed to injury by air and water the manure is equally deserving of care. The manure-heap is the savings bank of the farm.

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Grief and Happiness.

It is surely a somewhat remarkable circumstance that the world has lived these thousands of years and has yet failed to discover the secret of true happiness. Grief to-day is as poignant as it was when Cain declared that his punishment was greater than he could bear. In many ways it is more poignant.

A first essential to happiness is ignorance, as the downfall of mankind in the beginning of the world proved. Ignorance is so frequently bliss that wisdom has come to be largely the handmaid of folly.

In primitive states of existence we see the nearest approach to happiness. It is only under conditions of high civilization that men and women have consciences so delicately attuned as, despite the cynicism which usually marks such conditions, to render certain an ever-pervading current of grief.

Philosophy, the guide to happiness in the abstract, is futile in practice.

Everybody aspires to be happy; nobody entirely succeeds. This, perhaps, is one of the merciful dispensations of Providence.

What a world it would be were grief to disappear and happiness to hold the field for evermore. Here would be the millennium doubtless, but directly it arrived some one would begin to grieve over the monotony of perfect contentment.

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing," says a wise tongue; and when there is nothing else to lament the world will grieve at the absence of the respite from unalloyed joy which grief originally constituted.

Grief is so variegated a phase of human life that one may almost ask how it is nobody has yet compiled a handbook on the subject. There is a plethora of material for such a book.

From Genesis to the effort of the graduate in the university of matrimony "to tell the world how to be happy though married," literature abounds in records of sorrow.

Grief has been almost as indispensable an element in the world's history as love is in works of fiction. Where is the novel without its chapter of love? Where is the being unknown to grief?

Grief depends chiefly upon temperament, and to diagnose grief would involve an estimate of universal and personal character.

One person will be moved deeply by trifles, and show an unimpressionable indifference to great troubles. Another requires some great trouble to arouse the emotions, and will meet petty reverses with a calm and philosophic disregard. What would prove a life-long source of sorrow to one man is the cause of the merest momentary grief to another.

Nor is mankind consistent in its grief. To meet trouble half way, and to ignore it when it arrives, is the unfailing habit of many folks. A blow which anticipation prefigures as certain to be crushing is delivered, and we are amazed to find the bruise only a temporary unpleasantness.

In whatever shape it may appear, grief is an accessory to every human heart. It may be remorse for misdeeds; it may be regret at wasted opportunities; it may be the result of reverses known as ill-luck. Everyone has experienced grief of some sort. Whichever it is, like the poor, it is always with us.

Happiness is the light, grief, the shade of life. Where light is, in a world not entirely devoid of objects, shade can hardly be far off.

A judge of character would probably select a period of woe as at once the severest and most reliable test of moral stamina. Some noble natures have evidenced their noblest traits under great mental distress.

Whilst the lamentations of one person are so unrestrained and unreasonable as to create in an observer nothing but a feeling of contemptuous pity, another will bear up against the trials which beset him with a combined fortitude and sweetness that win the admiration and sympathy of all.

As the Irishman put it, some people are never happy unless they are miserable, but happier under any circumstances is the person who can mourn briefly. "To mourn a mischief that is past and gone, is the best way to bring new mischief on," and we should do well to emulate those who know how to forget.

A CHEERFUL disposition, one that does not dwell on the ills of life, is such a blessed possession for its owner and all connected with him that we should do our best to lay the foundation of it in children. They should be taught indifference to slight mishaps as early as may be. Of course they should have sympathy and nursing when they really need it, but a merry word or a new idea will generally distract their attention from a slight bruise, or a hard bump, when otherwise they would make the most of it for the sake of being cuddled and petted, and "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

THE wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little amidst everything else that is great.

WE readily excuse paralytics from labor, and shall we be angry with a hypochondriac for not being cheerful in company? Must we stigmatize such an unfortunate person as peevish, positive and unfit for society? His disorder may no more suffer him to be merry, than the gout will suffer another to dance. The advising a melancholic to be cheerful is like bidding a coward be courageous, or a dwarf be taller.

IT is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood.

LOVE, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion only argues little understanding or great insincerity.

IT is the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know the more it knows.

"ONE thing," writes Carlyle in one of his letters, "let us never cease to believe; whatever be our destiny, an upright mind is the greatest blessing we can obtain or imagine."

THERE are persons willing to devote themselves so utterly to some one thing that they are well-nigh powerless in other directions. The business which they rightly take up as a means to certain valuable ends becomes at length an end in itself, to which they sacrifice health and leisure, family and friends, culture and pleasure, and sometimes even life itself.

LIFE, when hospitably taken, is a simple affair. Very little suffices to enrich us. Being, a fountain and fireside, a web of cloth, a garden, a few friends, and good books, a chosen task, health and peace of mind—these are a competent estate, embracing all we need.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon-ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets.

WHEN we live habitually with the wicked we become necessarily either their victim or their disciple; when we associate, on the contrary, with virtuous men, we form ourselves in imitation of their virtues, or, at least, lose everyday something of our faults.

HOW often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives! Reason itself is true and just, but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions and his vices.

KNOWLEDGE hath a bewildering tongue, and she will stoop and lead you to the stars, and witch you with her mysteries; till gold is a forgotten dross, and power and fame toys of an hour, and woman's careless love light as the breath that breaks it.

IT is the grand battle of life to teach lust the limits of Divine law, to break it into the taste of the bread of heaven, and make it understand that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God.

MONEY never can be well managed if sought solely through the greed of money for its own sake. In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.

IT is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite.

YOU have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason.

WHAT we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.

ALL false practices and affectations of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defect of knowledge can be.

ASSERTION, unsupported by fact, is nugatory; surmise and general abuse, in however elegant language, ought not to pass for proofs.

ASPIRATIONS after the holy are the only aspiration in which the human soul can be assured that it will never meet with disappointment.

WHAT are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

THE great error is, placing such an estimate on this life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death.

PEOPLE'S characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life; birth itself does but little.

The World's Happenings.

Balloon races are indulged in at Cincinnati.

A steamer trunk that will do for a life-preserver costs $125.

Baltimore boys, while playing "Wild West," hanged one of their number.

The blankets were stolen from the pest house at Leavenworth, Kansas, the other night.

Sam Jones, the sensational revivalist, has made over $1,000,000 by his original style of saving sinners.

In Chicago, recently, a lady was knocked down and robbed by a young man in broad daylight on a crowded street.

The kitchen and dining-room of a Kansas City hotel are located on the eighth floor, and reached by six elevators.

An immigrant who landed at Castle Garden, New York, the other day, had with him a trunk made in Germany in 1807.

Texas will furnish this year the oldest voter in the United States. His name is Richard Kidd, and he is 115 years old.

The Australians are said to be the greatest betters in the world. Annually over $100,000,000 changes hands over horse races.

Ladies' maids can now be hired in New York by the evening or the hour. Some skilful dressers have a large number of clients.

A Chicago bootblack has announced his intention to donate the entire receipts of his stand for one week to the yellow fever fund.

A Russian Opera Company, composed of 300 performers, including 48 ladies who play on 24 pianos at one time, is filling an engagement in London.

The young Emperor of China is to be married on the 24th day of the First Moon in 1889, and the event will cost the National Treasury $2,500,000.

Blood poisoning, following the scratch of a cat, caused the death of a woman in Fulton county, Pa. The scratch was so slight as not to draw blood.

The Class of '92 at Yale has adopted for the class cry: "Bric-a-kex-kex, coax, coax, bric-a-kex-kex, coax, coax, whu-op, whu-op, whu-op parabaloo—'92."

During the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Homburg he initiated some wheelbarrow races, with ladies in the barrows trundled along by the highest English nobility.

A sign conspicuously displayed on the stand of a Port Jervis, N. Y., bootblack reads: "No ungentlemanly, drunken or disorderly person's boots or shoes will be polished."

Sugar barrels are no longer wasted. They are bought at second hand and broken up; the staves are then washed, packed in crates and sent back to the West Indies at a profit, to be rehooped.

For several days the church clock at Harpenden, England, refused to work. On an inspection being made it was found that a swarm of bees had taken up their abode in the machinery.

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at 300 yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with slight injury to themselves and serious hurts to the tricycles.

The valuable Baltimore horse, which, having received a fracture of the leg, had the member amputated, is doing well, and promises to live to wear the wooden limb with which it is the intention to provide the animal. He now hobbles about on three legs.

The tailor Ghadig, at Pesth, who attempted to commit suicide, after having poured molten lead into his wife's ear, has recovered. He confesses to have tried to murder his wife not only with the molten lead, but also by giving her needles in her medicine.

What shall be done with James Brown? That is the question now troubling the court at Detroit. Five wives confronted Brown recently and he was convicted of bigamy. It was proved that this extraordinary person had been married 23 times—by actual count.

A Spanish gentleman of Barcelona has bequeathed a million francs to found a refuge for the orphan daughters of poor officers, a proviso being that each must be beautiful in face and form, "because the more lovely a woman is the more she is exposed to danger in this world."

King Ja Ja, of West Africa, is 52 years of age, and has only 200 wives. But for only one of his better halves, if such an expression can be allowed mathematically, has he any affection. She is the mother of his sons "Saturday" and "Sunday." "Saturday" is now at school in England.

A man in Marshalltown, Ia., is credited with a novel expedient for refreshing his memory. When he has something of importance to attend to next day he writes himself a postal card reminding him of the matter, and finding the card among the mail next morning attends to it the first thing.

A horse met his death in an odd manner in Choctaw county, Ala. He stepped on the end of a short pole that was in the road, when the other end raised and struck in his abdomen. Becoming frightened, he then made a lunge forward, and in doing so drove the stick "nearly through him," causing death in a few minutes.

Mary Nolan, while drinking from a hydrant, recently, at her home, in Newark, N. J., suddenly threw up her hands and fell to the ground, struggling spasmodically. A physician was summoned, and with considerable difficulty extracted an eel from the unfortunate woman's throat. The eel measured eleven inches. The doctor says that it will be at least a week before she entirely recovers.

In Brooklyn the other day Harry Bowendam, aged 11 years, proposed to his 8-year-old sister May that she allow him to cut off her hand, so that he might imitate with it the proceedings of an apparently decapitated head which he had seen at a dime museum. The girl demurred, but finally consented to the amputation of her hand, which the young experimentalist accordingly chopped off with an ax.

TEACH ME TO FORGET!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

I do not ask that days gone by
Should in my heart be pictur'd yet,
But would efface their memory,
So teach, O teach me to forget!

It is not well to vainly dream
Of hopes that ne'er fulfill'd can be,
Tho' sweet indeed the vision seem,
And fraught with perfect bliss to me!

A passing smile, a careless word,
Awakes the pang of vain regret:
So touch not mem'ry's tender chord,
But teach, O, teach me to forget!

In the Highlands.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.

TWO persons accustomed to a conventional life of ease and comfort, there is a positive pleasure in a little inconvenience, provided it does not last too long, and is organized by themselves. A merry party had taken the sudden idea of ascending from Kindevin, Sir George Maxwell's seat, to enjoy a kind of "camping out" at his shooting-lodge high up on a mountain above.

It was August, the weather magnificent—the very time for a picnic on the Muirs. The building was actually very little better than a bothy, and possessed but few rooms; there would be no sleeping accommodation in it for domestics, so these must come up daily.

The ladies of the party agreed to act housekeeper by turn; it would be great fun.

Baskets of ready-dressed provisions had been brought up on ponies, and a free-and-easy, delightful life of Highland air, sunshine, sapphire sky, flowers, and heather had been theirs for three days—and they were not yet tired of it! The sportsmen, keepers, gillies, and dogs were assembled on the mossy turf stretched in front of the house, preparatory to starting for the shooting. The gentlemen were reading their letters, the post-bag having been brought up.

"The Duke regrets he could not come last week; he trusts to be with us Saturday," said Sir George, handing the letter to his wife.

"I am glad of it," said Lady Maxwell. "We shall be back at the house again by then, and ready to receive him."

"What is he like?" asked Miss Eversham, one of the lady visitors.

"Good-looking—he used to be a nice fellow but he's been living such a shut up life these three years, nobody knows what he's like now."

"It was wonderfully good of him to live a hermit's life in a corner of his great, desolate house in Yorkshire, to save the income in order to pay off the incumbrances of the estate and some of his uncle's debts," observed the young American widow, Mrs. Majoribanks. "Few young men are so self-denying on first coming to a title."

"I wonder how he amused himself," said Miss Eversham. "He cleared a good amount by felling some fine timber, laid out a tapestry garden—for a future Duchess, I presume—did a little shooting, a little hunting, a little reading——"

"And a good deal of sleep, I should say," interrupted Lady Maxwell.

"I suppose it will be years and years before he can afford to marry and keep up a proper establishment?" exclaimed Lady Blanche.

"He is poor just at present, but the property will recover in time with his frugal manner of living. Not a good catch at present, Lady Blanche," observed Sir George, nodding at her significantly.

"What a wicked old man the former Duke was to leave his affairs in such a state!" cried Miss Eversham.

"He did everything he ought not to have done, most scrupulously; his nephew is acting wisely. After all, being a Trappist for three years will do him no harm; unless indeed, being unaccustomed to ladies' society, he has grown bashful."

"I've no patience with shy men—indeed, I prefer fast ones. It's easy to push them back; but the shy ones there is no getting out of their shells," said this young lady.

"I believe that shy persons are in reality the most impudent," observed Mrs. Marjoribanks.

"He'll come out of his shell for you, dear Mrs. Majoribanks. Your fortune would be a mainspring, enable him to wind up his affairs, and set him going. I suppose you would not object to becoming a Duchess, although you are a republican?" said Miss Eversham.

"It would be giving a high price for a wreath of strawberry leaves," returned the fair American. "Speaking of strawberries, I intend in my capacity of housekeeper for the day to surpass you all in my arrangement of the dinner-table—such floral decorations I shall give it!"

"I'm sure, it is very kind of you to take so much trouble," said Sir George. "By-the-by, my factor is going to send up his son to assist—don't scruple to make him useful, drive him about well."

"I will!" answered Mrs Majoribanks.

"Captain Gore is coming to-day; when he arrives, send him after us, unless indeed he finds metal more attractive and prefers remaining. But it is time we were off."

The rather large party, full of spirits and animation, and accompanied by the ladies who would follow the guns, departed, and Mrs. Majoribanks was left alone. She stood at the door, watching them until they were out of sight; then turned to look at the lovely view spread out before her on the other side, enjoying the perfect repose and tranquility around her, the only sounds the song of a lark high up above her head and a honey-laden bee buzzing past her.

Rich crimson heather formed a foreground; far beyond were undulating hills, varying in color and light and shade; in the far horizon glittered the silver sea.

The sense of utter freedom was delightful; save for old Donald, an ancient gillie, she was alone.

First she took a book and sat reading beneath the shade of a group of silver birches, and at last went in-doors to perform her self-imposed duties as housekeeper, and see if the servants had left everything prepared before they again descended to Kindevin.

One large, long room directly under the thatch was devoted to the ladies of the party.

The remaining smaller ones were for the gentlemen, and how they packed themselves away was a mystery.

After a satisfactory inspection Mrs. Majoribanks tied on a large apron over her grey dress, plain as a Quaker's, but fitting her graceful figure to perfection; then she descended to the one sitting-room to arrange the good cheer and delicacies sent up in baskets from the hospitable house below. While kneeling to sort them on the floor, for there was only one table, the sound of voices outside the window announced an arrival.

"The halls are deserted. Have the ladies gone too?" asked a voice she recognized as Captain Gore's, of old Donald.

"Aye," replied Donald.

"I suppose there is a room for me upstairs?"

"Aye," answered Donald again.

"Just take my valise up to it, then, my venerable friend; also escort this gentleman there. I will take my gun and make for the party. Do you understand me?"

"Ey," affirmatively.

Old Donald had got through his eighty years without a flood of eloquence. "Ey" expressed almost everything with him, according to his intonation.

"I'm off, then. Adieu!" cried the captain, Donald entering the house, followed by the stranger.

Mrs. Majoribanks, looking up as they passed the door, met the eyes of the newcomer. He was a handsome young man, in age about six and-twenty, with a bright complexion (much sun burnt), hay-colored hair, tall, and dressed in a suit of home-spun.

"The factor's son," thought she.

Presently old Donald quitted the dwelling to resume some outdoor occupation, the visitor remaining some little time in the captain's room.

When he emerged from it he came to the parlor door, and stood on the threshold, saying—

"I suppose, my good girl, you are one of the housemaids here? Just step this way for a moment and see if a little improvement can be made."

Mrs. Majoribanks was at first just a little surprised by this address; she then desisted from counting the knives and forks and demurely followed him, saying—

"I am superintending the house here, but I am not the housemaid; however, I can attend to any improvements."

"Now, my dear, just come and look in this toilette-glass," said the young man, leading her up to the dressing-table, stooping his face down beside, and on a level with, her own. "Observe our two faces—your very pretty physiognomy and my brown one. Well, our eyes are reflected up in our foreheads, our mouths in our noses. Can't you find a better glass than this? for poor Captain Gore is a handsome fellow, and wants to do his best to fascinate a lady here, I can tell you—the beautiful Mrs. Majoribanks!"

Mrs. Majoribanks gave a little start, and her expressive hazel eyes danced with merriment; they were wonderful eyes, lighting up when she laughed, and shadowing down to darkness if she were sad.

"You look surprised and amused, my dear," said the young man. "I suppose you know Mrs. Majoribanks?"

"Certainly, I do. I was with her in America."

"Then you are her maid?"

"I make her up every morning," returned the fair widow innocently.

"Make her up? What? Every one speaks of her beauty! Is it not genuine?"

"As a woman, I can't give a good opinion on another woman's beauty. I'm a better judge of your sex. I know she is thought nice looking by some people"—here she smiled at the crooked reflection of her lovely face in the glass—"but I cannot admire a person who takes out a set of teeth every night, and has her wig placed on a stand till the morning."

"You amaze me!" cried he, looking horrified. "Well, Captain Gore must pass over all that with her large fortune."

"Captain Gore will not stand the slightest chance of Mrs. Majoribanks, take my word for it; I know her well; she has not the least intention of marrying again. A better husband than Mr. Majoribanks never existed."

"It was very obliging of the old gentleman to leave her his enormous wealth unconditionally."

"You will please to speak of Mr. Majoribanks respectfully."

"Perhaps he left you a legacy likewise?"

"He did. I will not have him mentioned in that light manner," said the lady, leaving the room.

The young man followed her.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "May I ask if you are an American as well as your mistress?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you have resided with her for some time, judging from what you say? Is she a good temper?"

"Very good—when she is pleased."

"But when she is displeased—what then?"

"You know that when you stroke a cat down the right way of her fur, she purrs and is amiable; when you stroke her the wrong way, she spits and scratches. Well, that is like Mrs. Majoribanks."

"Upon my word, a pretty description. I have no doubt she is a shrew, and you get a fair share of her temper—being so uncommonly handsome yourself. Are all the American girls like you? If so, I'll go over directly."

"Not until you have been to the spring and filled my pitcher; I want to place these flowers in water. When you return, perhaps you will be so good as to make a salad—so please to defer going to America for an hour or two."

The factor's son laughed, showing a fine set of teeth.

He then took the pitcher, throwing on a soft felt cap, and left the lodge, encountering Donald.

"Is the spring near here?" he said.

"Eh?" asked Donald, not understanding him.

"Is the burn up yonder path beside the hill?"

"Aye," answered Donald, nodding his head.

When left alone, Mrs. Majoribanks fell into a reverie.

"He is really very handsome, but dreadfully free-and-easy; he takes me for my maid. What will he say when he discovers his mistake?" And she smiled to herself, imagining his discomfiture.

Meanwhile the factor's son reached the spring.

As it was merely a small jet of water dripping from a rock, it took a long time to fill the pitcher, and he had ample time to reflect on the extraordinary beauty, archness, and fascination of the young woman at the lodge.

Was she imitating her mistress, he wondered, or were American girls in her station of life superior to that class in England?

He must try and find out something of her antecedents. Well, and when he had done so, what then? With erratic ideas floating through his mind, he returned with his pitcher to the house; as he approached it, he heard a clear, sweet voice singing within.

The young man stopped and listened. The song was, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, Bonnie Lassie, O," lilted, as the Scotch say, with a charm which, if sung in a concert-room, would cause sensation. When she finished he applauded with all his might.

"Why, what a lovely voice you have!—it is like a peal of silver bells!" cried he, entering the parlor. "Who taught you to sing like that?"

"Oh, several people."

"In America, of course. Your family took some pains with your education, it appears; however is it that you occupy your present position?"

"The force of circumstance has placed me in it. But never mind me. Remember, you have come up here to make yourself useful."

"To make myself useful!" echoed he, opening his eyes wide with surprise. "Perhaps you will enlighten me as to my duties."

"Sir George told me your father was going to send you to assist, as there is so large a party here. Moreover, he told me to drive you about well, so don't stand talking, but take the salad-bowl and prepare those lettuces."

"And who is my father? what is his name?" asked he.

"I do not remember his name, but he is Sir George's factor. When you have finished the salad, there is the cloth to lay; then you must help me to arrange these flowers."

"I have gathered some for you—that is, if you will accept them," said the factor's son. "I took a near way over the brow of the hill coming back, and was fortunate enough to find these."

So saying, he presented her with a few sprigs of white heather.

"Oh, thanks, how beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Majoribanks. "It is considered a good omen to find white heather."

"Is it?" said the young man.

"You a Scotsman, and not know that! Though perhaps you are not Scotch, for you have not the slightest accent."

"Nor do you speak like an American. We are both happy exceptions."

Mrs. Majoribanks was extremely amused at the situation, and carried out Sir George's recommendation in driving about her assistant. The cloth was spread, the table laid at last, and beautifully decorated with flowers—for she possessed great taste.

On his side, as the factor's son watched her graceful movements, and listened to her conversation, which seemed to flow in a happy ripple, he wondered more and more how such a superior young person was occupying a menial's position.

"There," said she, as she placed the final specimen-glass, "I have finished; they may return as soon as they please."

"It looks perfectly beautiful—fit, indeed, for a festival.

"I believe there will be a real festival at Kindevin when the Duke comes," observed Mrs. Majoribanks.

"Oh!" said the factor's son. "Do you know this Duke?"

"Only by hearsay. I believe him to be a noble character."

"Why a noble character?" asked the young man, with a surprised expression.

"He has exerted great self-denial—moral courage, rather. He had a reckless uncle, who left the estates dreadfully encumbered. In order to save a sum of money to pay off the debts in part, this young Duke shut himself up in retirement for three long years, not touching a penny of his income. There are many money-lenders who would gladly have advanced him any sums; but there are people who have a horror of debt; no doubt the Duke is one of these. For his conduct, I honor and respect him."

While delivering this panegyric the fair American's countenance so sparkled with animation that the factor's son regarded her with such admiration that, chancing to catch his eye, woman of the world as she was, and a beauty, she blushed just a little, which enhanced her attractions.

"I do not think much of his self-denial," commented the young man slowly. "Had he gone to the money-lenders, he would have perpetuated the very evil he wished to rectify; he only acted with ordinary common sense. Doubtless he and the world of fashion got on very well without each other."

At this instant voices were heard in the distance.

"Hark!" cried Mrs. Majoribanks, "the party are returning. Many thanks for your assistance. Now I must go."

So saying, she disappeared up the ladder-like stair to the ladies' barrack above, in order to dress for dinner before the arrival of the other ladies.

"She is perfection," thought the factor's

son, looking after her, when he, too, withdrew to Captain Gore's room.

In the meantime the party arrived from the Muirs to the grassy plateau in front of the lodge, which soon presented a most animated scene.

The day's sport had been good; the Highland ponies were laden with game. Of course, the sportsmen were in high spirits; and the ladies, though fatigued and their complexions somewhat impaired by the exposure to the sun, had made good use of their time also, as their sketches testified.

Captain Gore, however, did not appear in the best of tempers when he joined the factor's son in his apartment, throwing his things about recklessly as he began making his dinner toilette.

All at once his companion, who was near the window, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Captain Gore.

"Is it the custom up here in the Highlands for the maids to dine with their mistresses?"

"Certainly not. What do you mean? Why do you ask?"

"Because a young woman here, who has been arranging the dinner-table, has just gone outside, attired as if to join it. Come and look at her."

Mrs. Majoribanks had emerged from the house and seated herself under her favorite group of trees in its rear.

She was dressed in cream-colored cashmere, with ruffles of delicate lace at her throat and wrists, wearing a few sprays of white heather in her soft brown hair—a charming, graceful woman.

"Toast!" cried Captain Gore, looking through the little window. "Why, that is Mrs. Majoribanks!"

"Mrs. Majoribanks! What!" cried the other in bewilderment.

"Of course it is. Do you mean to say you have been here in the house with her all this time and not seen her?"

"To be sure I have. She and I have been arranging the dinner-table, but I had not the slightest idea that she was the beautiful widow you rave about."

"I would have given anything for the opportunity!" cried the captain, dashing a hair-brush to the floor. "It makes me savage! There, I rushed off, thinking she had gone on the sketching expedition with the other ladies while we were popping at the grouse, and she was here all the time, and with you. Though you are my friend, I feel I could kill you!"

The other was silent—in fact, he scarcely heard the captain's words, for he was ruminating; and, indeed, his mind was a little confused. How could he have mistaken her a servant? Then he remembered how she had worn gloves so that he had not seen her wedding-ring.

"It appears," continued the captain, "that while living up here in this free-and-easy style, the ladies made an arrangement among themselves to superintend the domestic affairs by turn, and as Lady Maxwell dislikes trouble, and Mrs. Majoribanks doesn't mind it, she with her angelic good-nature makes herself very useful. But there is the dinner-bell; I didn't tell any one you were here, in order to give them a surprise. Come along."

The guests were assembled in the one sitting-room, which had to do duty for everything; of course, the seats were much crowded together, and there was the hum of pleasant voices, which instantly ceased, however, as Captain Gore, stopping at the threshold, announced, "The Duke of Saxondale."

"You see, I followed my letter, Sir George," said the Duke, as he shook hands; "so glad I was able to get away earlier than I expected, with Captain Gore. When we arrived at Kindevin, we found you had all flown here, and so followed. Can you take me in, Lady Maxwell?"

And Mrs. Majoribanks!

Her astonishment and dismay were almost too painful; for a moment she was actually unconscious of what was passing around her—seeming to hear, as if in a dream, that Sir George was speaking to her words which she could not take in.

"Yes," answered the Duke, speaking for her, "I and Mrs. Majoribanks have both been well employed in arranging the dinner. She has actually taught me how to make a salad, and I hope you will enjoy it."

Mrs. Majoribanks looked up gratefully, meeting his eyes and pleasant, happy smile.

"How could I have mistaken him for the factor's son!" thought she. After that her usual coolness returned, and she was her bright self again.

The end to this adventure took place in Westminster Abbey the following spring, where, like as it was the custom in old plays, the chief actors joined hands. There was a "Bless ye, my children!" then the curtain fell, as it does on this "Comedy in the Highlands."

How To Cook Husbands.—A lady has written a recipe for cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good; it is as follows. In buying your husband do not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but, if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings neatly sewn on.

Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak; they are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusted on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness.

Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and frizzes, do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and become useless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children; and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

Bonnie Jeanie.

BY ROBERTA.

IN the latter part of the last century, in the beautiful city of Edinburgh, lived Sir Douglas Russell. Sir Douglas had wooed and won bonnie Jeanie Ludlow, and was as happy as a man could well be, until one unfortunate day some slight difference arising between the lovers, Jeanie, who though a sweet lassie, had a temper of her own, threw her betrothal ring at Sir Douglas' feet, and declared that she would never, no never, wed such a cruel, hard-hearted monster.

After which she flew to her own chamber, there to cry her pretty eyes out.

As for Sir Douglas he left the house and straightway sought his handsome, haughty kinswoman, Margaret Lindsay, who had long loved him secretly, and who, when he told her that everything was at an end between himself and Jeanie, and asked her, Margaret, to become his wife, accepted him at once.

At Sir Douglas' desire, the preparations for the wedding were hastened, and before three months had passed, Margaret Lindsay was Margaret Russell.

Poor Jeanie, she laughed as much, if not more than formerly, and was the gayest of the gay, but oh, how her heart ached.

Once Margaret's husband, Sir Douglas tried to forget Jeanie, and was a kind, devoted husband; but try as he might, at times his thoughts would turn to his one-time sweetheart.

A year passed and Lady Margaret was a mother. Her child was a fine healthy boy, and Sir Douglas was very proud of his heir. But into the mother's heart there crept little by little, a feeling of jealous dislike for her child; she thought that her husband loved the child better than he did herself, and the better feeling grew until she hated, with a bitter hatred her offspring.

When the child was three months old he was put out to nurse, with a woman living in a country town not far from Edinburgh, and the mother and father went frequently to visit him. One day on a visit to the child, by some mischance, Lady Margaret was left alone with him. Looking at him she thought, "yes soon you will be home again, and then your father will think of nothing but you, I, his wife will take the second place, dethroned by you."

Then came a blacker thought; if he were to die then he would not come between her husband and herself. Ah! Lady Margaret, pause ere it be too late, ere those white hands are stained with blood, the blood of your innocent child. A murderer at heart, it is an easy step to become a murderer in deed. So it was with Lady Margaret. Like the generality of women (even in those olden days) she carried pins in her garments, and horrible and incredible as it seems, she took a pin from her dress, and deliberately stuck it in the head of her child. Instantly piercing screams were heard. The nurse and Sir Douglas rushed in, to find the child in spasms. Lady Margaret insisted on being taken home at once, as "she knew nothing about children, and would only be in the way."

Sir Douglas accompanied her home, stopping at a physician's and returning as soon as he had seen his wife safe at their own doors.

In the meantime the nurse, poor soul, tried her best to pacify the child, but could not quiet him; on the doctor's arrival they tried to discover the cause of the strange attack, and just as Sir Douglas arrived the doctor had found the pin still sticking in the child's head.

Now whether Lady Margaret, had thought to escape detection, or whether she had hoped to return later and remove the pin before it was seen, must ever remain a mystery, but it is probable that in her desire for the child's death, she had not considered the chance or the danger.

The nurse and Sir Douglas knew at once that it must have been Lady Margaret who committed the awful deed, as no else had been alone with the child. Imagine Sir Douglas' feeling when he knew his wife was the murderer of their child. He sank into a chair.

"My God, he moaned, my wife Margaret has killed my child."

From the physician's grave face he saw it was impossible for the baby to live. The doctor's horror on hearing the wild words of his lordship was great.

"Sir Douglas," he said, "you do not know what you are saying; it is impossible that Lady Margaret could have done such a deed." But the nurse shook her head, and said, "Lady Margaret was alone with the bairn and no other."

The child expired in frightful agony, and Sir Douglas with a stern white face went home to his wife. She was in her own chamber one of the servants told him. He went to her room, and found her with a book, she had seized when she heard his step on the stairs.

"Margaret!"

She started, looked at his set face, and the guilty eyes dropped. "Our child is dead, and you are his murderer, why did you do this awful deed? Denial is useless. you were left alone with the boy, no other was with you."

Lady Margaret's ghastly face took on a defiant look, "yes," she said, "since denial is useless I will tell you why I killed him, I killed him because I hated him, and I hated him because you loved him."

Sir Douglas looked at her, "and this is the woman I call wife," he said, "a murderess." Lady Margaret started at the hideous word, and turned if possible paler than before.

"But," Sir Douglas continued, "I must remember that you have been my wife, and I will do all that lies in my power to save you from the punishment of your crime, but from this day forth you are no wife of mine."

He turned to leave the room. "Douglas, Douglas," she wailed, do not leave me so, I did it for love of you, you loved him best and I could not bear it." She fell on her knees at his feet, and clasped her arms around him. He loosed her hands, lifted her to her feet, and pushed her from him.

"Your touch is pollution," he said, "never touch me again," and quitted the room.

For an instant Lady Margaret stood where he had left her, then a hard bitter look came over her face, and from that day, until the day she was hung; she was calm and cold, admitting nothing, denying nothing. For she was hung, though her husband did all he could, but the whole country side was aroused by such a deed of cruelty, and he could not save her. She had never been a favorite with the people; her proud haughty temper had never won her friends. And so on a cool clear day in the autumn Lady Margaret Russell was, "hung by the neck."

* * * * * *

Two years have passed, Jeanie Ludlow, bonnie Jeanie still, though a trifle thinner and paler than when we saw her last, stands alone in a shaded woodland dell, on her father's place. It had been a favorite walk with Sir Douglas, and often had they wandered there, and pledged earnest vows to each other, vows all too lightly broken. Jeanie was thinking sadly of that day when she had thrown her betrothal ring at Sir Douglas' feet, and of all the sad events, that had happened since. Events which would never have happened had it not been for her own nasty temper.

Sir Douglas had gone away none knew where. Suddenly she heard foot-steps, and looking up saw him before her, his hair was thickly streaked with gray, but he was a handsome man still, and Jeanie's heart beat quickly.

"Douglas, Sir Douglas," she stammered, "I thought you were away."

"I returned last night," he replied, "and calling at the house was told you were out, and feeling a desire to see my old favorite walk, I came this way. It looks just the same, and you too Jeanie are unchanged, bonnie Jeanie still."

The girl's fair face flushed, her soft bright eyes were raised to his. There must have been something in their expression, for Sir Douglas took the small soft hands in his. "Jeanie," he said, "through all these years of suffering, and pain, I have never forgotten you; in my heart I have always called you my Jeanie, I love you, dear, more than I did in that long ago time, and my darling, if you will give yourself to me, if you love me, ever so little, I will try to make you happy. Is there any hope for me, Jeanie?"

Her lovely face was raised to his, "Douglas I love you," she said in a low sweet voice.

He clasped her in his arms and as their lips met all the bitter past was forgotten.

INDIAN TANKS.

NOTHING is so dearly prized by the Indian villager as the *talao*, or tank, for its water is not only used for irrigation during the greater portion of the year, but is also the principal source of his domestic supply.

There are some tanks which are formed by throwing a mound or embankment across a valley or hollow ground, so that the rain-water collects in the upper part of the valley, and, when required for the purposes of cultivation, is let out upon the low lands by sluices.

Others, in hilly districts, are constructed by damming a stream where it passes through a gorge, and look almost like lakes.

But the ordinary village tank in the plains is a small lake dug out of the surface of the soil, filled up mainly by the periodical rains.

A few of these talaos are lined on all the four sides with cut stone, forming elegant works; but in an ordinary tank there are only two ghats, or masonry-built flights of steps, enclosed by low walls, going down a few feet under the water. At the head of the steps is a sort of terrace with backed seats, all of masonry.

Besides being the usual staircases for drawing water, these ghats are used for bathing purposes, and as lounging-places in the evenings.

The talaos are found principally in the Deccan, in Gujerat, and in Bengal.

In the hot season, the water shrinks rapidly, through continual drawing and by reason of evaporation, till in May there is hardly any left in the tank. At that time children, with their clothes tucked over the knee, delight to cross and recross the slippery bed, picking up with great glee the fish that still struggle for their existence in the muddy water of the hollows.

Often the tank gets so dry that you can walk over it as easily as on a paved road. In many parts, the exposed surface is cultivated, and good wheat, peas, &c., grow in the drying mud.

Great is the joy of the people when, at the break of the rainy season, the tank begins to fill up again.

In some parts, gay festivals, accompanied by curious ceremonies, take place at that time. Religious processions are formed to march to the temples in the surrounding groves, where offerings of flowers, fruits, and vegetables are made. Young damsels dance merrily on the banks; and boys rush into the rapidly filling tank, shouting and swimming about; while the aged and sedate stand by, looking on with a complacent smile.

The dances which take place on these occasions, being spontaneous outbursts of heartfelt joy, are more lively and natural than those of the professional dancing-girls; the accompanying songs, like the rhapsodies of the improvising bards, are widely melodious and touching; and the air and figure of the dancers, wholly unstudied, have so nothing weirdly picturesque and graceful in them.

A big lady leads the dance, followed by a troop of blooming girls, who imitate her varied steps, which are always exact in time, and when she sings, make up the chorus in tunes wonderfully soft, but gay and lively.

A curious festival marks the time of the setting in of the rains in some parts of Bengal.

It takes place not only on the large ponds, but also on the Ganges and on all its tributary streams. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the bank becomes crowded with people, attired in gay costumes, looking on eagerly towards the water where the boats begin to move.

These are all of a singular construction, and profusely decorated. Some of them are called "peacock-boats," from the resemblance of their make to the peacock; others "snakes," being very long and narrow, and moving quickest of all; while many are decorated with the head of a horse and different devices.

Idols and religious ornaments are placed in some of these boats, in the most commodious part of which are laid carpets, cushions, and pillows, covered with silk, satin, and kinkhabs, and fringed and embroidered with gold and silver; whereon are seated the men of rank and wealth, who are entertained by a man who dances, sings, and beats time to the oars, from which hang little tinkling bells.

In the evening the village elders gather on the terrace, and, reclining comfortably on the seat, begin their daily gossiping in the intervals of smoking, while ill-clad little children gambol around on the ground.

One group dilates passionately on the merits and faults of the two rival factions into which the villagers are divided; another discusses soberly the prospects of the crops and the course of prices; one party swears loudly at the vulture money-lender; another listens serenely to the religious discourse delivered by the village pandit. The shades begin to grow deeper; the cheerful and industrious ryots soon disperse home, followed a little later on by the idlers of the village.

ABOUT a year ago a young man, who professed to be a Cuban, became a boarder at the home of a Brooklyn woman. He was polite and apparently well-to-do, an excellent musician, possessed of a sweet tenor voice, and soon won the heart of his landlady's niece. They were married some five months ago and lived together very happily until a week ago, when the wife, in repairing her husband's coat, found a tintype picture of a full-blooded negro concealed in the lining.

Although of a much older man, it bore a strong resemblance to the husband, and this discovery called to her mind the hitherto unnoticed way in which he often defended and upheld the colored race and some peculiarly negro expressions that he often used. As soon as he came in she charged him with being a negro, and when he coolly admitted the fact she fell fainting to the floor.

When she came to she found her husband gone and a little note on her bureau explaining the absence of $180 of her savings. The girl, who is nearly crazed with grief, has taken steps to procure a divorce.

IF you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness there would be in the great cities!

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Poxzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

CRIMPS AND SAILORS.

CRIMPS are men who gain a livelihood by preying upon the scanty earnings of merchant seamen with or without the connivance of their superiors.

They are not the most pleasant people for an unarmed stranger to meet with, in some sequestered spot, after nightfall.

San Francisco, it is said, has attained an unenviable notoriety for the aggressiveness and assiduity of these parasites, who fatten upon the vices of our seamen.

Crimps minister to the depraved desires of mariners, inflame their passions, rob them of their money, and send them to sea with enfeebled constitutions, and a wardrobe the contents of which may be summed up in a few words as a put-on, a take-off, and a go-naked.

These crimps are proprietors of infamous boarding-houses for seamen, which cluster thickly along the city front close to the water's edge, and are specially adapted for nefarious practices.

The tender mercies of the crimps are more cruel to the seaman than either howling hurricane or savage sea. Crimps devote their entire energies to ships trading to distant lands, as the coasting crews are deaf to their blandishments and will have none of them.

There is here a great demand for ships when the garnered grain awaits shipment to Europe; and no other port can show such a splendid fleet of merchant-ships gathered together at one time.

British iron ships form the large majority. Now is the opportunity for the crimps to reap themselves for the period when seamen were a drug in the market.

They have lured the seamen from their ships, and hold them in durance vile. Captains are eager to fill up the vacancies caused by desertion; and the crimps combine among themselves to prevent a single seaman from leaving their infamous dens until they are guaranteed a capitation fee varying from twenty to forty dollars, in addition to two or three months' advance of pay for each sea man supplied. This fee has rightly been termed "blood-money," inasmuch as it is a veritable pound of flesh paid by the unsophisticated seamen in charge of his bond.

Very frequently a ship is three-fifths of her way homeward before the crew commence to earn a farthing for themselves. The advance-money is paid directly to the crimps; and Jack seldom, if ever, handles the hard cash.

How comes it that this state of disorganization and demoralization is suffered to exist?

Let us imagine, time and space being annihilated for our purpose, that we are [illegible] the Golden Gate.

A pilot boards us from the welcome pilot schooner, the bar is passed in safety; and as we proceed up the bay towards an anchorage, two are seen converging upon the ship from a point of the shore.

Each boat contains crimps, who, as soon as we anchor, both are greeted as for, hastening to board the incoming ship. They may not step over the ship's side until the doctor of the port shall have visited and granted us a clean bill of health.

As our good ship forges slowly ahead, the crimps keep up with her gentle rowing, and exchange a running fire of chaff with the sailors who are amused by their boisterous wit.

[illegible] the health officer shows off, the boats of ruffians land orderly one after another over the rail, and our deck is thronged with some of the vilest specimens of the human race.

Almost all crimps have served some time at sea. Hence it is these men, who, judging by their gallows compliments, are certainly not born to be drowned, know all well that a grass of grog or savory snack of fresh fare are irresistible attractions to men who have had neither during a long five months.

They treat our crew to ardent liquors, which are freely imbibed; and more experienced crimps produce dainty dishes from hidden receptacles.

Jack tears no longer, but begins to feel as exhilarated as a dog set free from his couple; and by the time the anchor brings us up, he imagines himself every whit as good as his master in this land of good things.

How fares it afterwards with such misguided men? Taken with their effects to the boarding-house of their choice, alcoholic liquors are supplied to them without stint, as every house has a bar of its own; and they may consider themselves fortunate if the awakening next morning is not on board a strange ship bound to [illegible].

They have been put on board of her at nightfall, stupefied with drugged potations. It is vain for them to protest that they did not sign the ship's articles; the shipmaster has had to pay for a certain number of men, and he is one of the number with his forged signature in evidence.

As a rule, however, such men are too shamefaced and ignorant of the law to raise an objection to the treatment they have received.

They have been "shanghaied," as it is termed, and accept the inevitable as gracefully as they can.

Every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated. 'Tis not best to suffer pain for even one little day, when one application of Warner's Log Cabin Extract will drive it quick away. Nothing better for external or internal application.

WHAT THE WOMAN SAID.

"Madam," said a man with a crushed hat and dilapidated clothes, as he appeared at the door of a house, "I have here some little bottles of my own genuine patent indestructible cement, for mending broken china and other articles, absolutely indispensable to any well-regulated——"

"I don't want it, sir!"

"It's only a dime a bottle, madam, and it will pay——"

"No use for anything of the kind, I say—would not have it!"

"It is warranted to mend anything in the line of broken dishes, or——"

"I tell you I don't want it, and you needn't stand there talking to me any longer."

"All right, madam, all right; don't want to intrude. Fine morning, madam. The lady next door made a little remark about you, madam, but I don't suppose you would care anything about hearing it repeated. Good-bye, madam."

"Hold on a minute, won't you? She said something about me, you say?"

"Yes, madam, let fall a little remark concerning you; but I don't think you would care to hear it. I have got to hurry along."

"Just a moment. I believe I'll take a bottle of that stuff."

"The lady I was speaking of took four bottles for a quarter, madam; but I ——"

"Give me four bottles, please; half the house is broken. The idea of her saying anything about me, the mean thing!"

"Yes, certainly. Accidents will happen to valuable china. Apply it with a brush, as directed. Also, I have large bottles of furniture polish, half dollar a bottle. Two bottles? All right. There you are. There's your change, madam. Hope everything will be quite satisfactory. Good-morning."

"But wait just another moment. You didn't tell me what that woman said about me. I'll teach her to talk about me behind my back."

"Oh, yes, I s'most forgot it. You see, it was this way; I asked her if the lady in the next house, meaning you, you see, was at home."

"Yes, yes, I understand. What did she say then?"

"She spoke up quick like, and said she didn't know. That was all, madam. I told you it wasn't much. Be sure and apply the cement with the brush, as directed. Good-bye."

FRENCH GIRLS AND SOCIETY.—The French girl can hardly be said to "come out" in society. She is brought out, and is never seen without her mother or some other respectable and watchful chaperon. Everything to the last minutes of dress, is planned and managed for her. She is not supposed to have a will or judgment of her own, least of all in the matter of marriage.

We are speaking, of course, of the average French girl of society. There have been some exceptions—some remarkably intelligent, independent girls, whose hearts chose for them, and whose hands were allowed to go with their hearts. But the average mademoiselle, modest and docile, usually accepts the choice of her parents without much ado, sometimes with alacrity. He, the elect man, is profoundly unknown, but that fact gives to him the vague charm of mystery.

Watched and restricted as she has been since her school days ended, she sees in marriage not bondage, but release. Through it will come a new name and new dignity.

And then she is married, how she blossoms out! She revels in emancipation. She who the season before could go nowhere by herself, could not even see her betrothed for five minutes alone, can drive about unquestioned, visit and be visited, can indulge in her likings and caprices, even when they take in her own husband.

It is not till after the marriage that the French woman is really brilliant, for it is not until then that she is unconstrained; so, many a man finds that all "unbeknownst" to himself he has won a clever and charming woman.

It is strange how often these made up, haphazard marriages prove happy and harmonious. We know they ought not to, but the fact remains that they do.

A MISTAKE EXPLAINED.—Customer (to jeweller): "Here's the clock I bought of you the other day. It's of no earthly use to me, for it gains fully fifteen minutes an hour."

Jeweller (examining clock): "My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. This is one of our patent anticipatory timepieces, made exclusively for our billiard room and liverystable trade. Excuse the mistake. Anything you may select in the line of our ordinary clocks we will exchange it for, with pleasure."

COMPARATIVE APPETITES.—Very stout old lady (watching the lions fed)—"Peare to me, Mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for sooch an animal." Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it doesn't seem like a big piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest bottle in the market. Sold by all druggists.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There are more ways than one of making money, and there is a man in Chicago who is profiting by one of the other ways. All photographers use a paper impregnated with a silver solution. This man makes periodical visits to the photograph galleries and secures the paper. He burns it and refines the ashes, securing a large amount of silver. His bargain is for 20 per cent. of the silver reduced, and some weeks he secures over $100. It is hard work but he makes a fair living at it.

A New London (Conn.) paper relates that a lady resident of that city lost her wedding ring. "She could not remember how it came to be lost, and she puzzled over its disappearance for several days. It was the last thing she thought of one night last week before retiring, and her rest was disturbed by a dream in which she saw the ring at a pawnbroker's. Next day she saw the pawnbroker on the street, and, remembering her dream of the night before, she described the ring to him and asked him to look over his collection to see if the ring was there. Sure enough, the first ring the pawnbroker laid his hand upon was the one with the lady's initials engraved on the inside."

A Wichita, Kansas despatch says "When the husband of Mrs. Mary Elmer failed to go home Wednesday night she surmised that he had been in a leading illegal liquor saloon. Arming herself with an axe she went to the place Friday morning. She had told the dealer that if he sold her husband any more liquor she would break up his place. Finding the door locked she broke it down with the axe, broke open an inner door and drove the barkeeper from the house. In one of the rooms Mrs. Elmer found her husband drunk. This infuriated her still more, and she broke the glass in the bar room and all the windows and the furniture. When she had completely wrecked the place she gave the drunken husband a few cuffs, marooned him home and administered a first-class flogging with a buggy whip.

When elderly men marry a second or third time there is [illegible] says a writer in a London paper, a cynical out burst of laughter among those who know them. Where does the laugh come in? A man who marries a good wife the first time, is it not natural that he should try and console himself with a second? If he has made a mistake the first time is it not a compliment to the fair sex in general if he shows that his faith in womanhood is not impaired by his first error? I know of a man whose life was spoiled for a quarter of a century by marriage with a [illegible] whose sullen ways broke on by an rare ray of sunshine at times of the present summer. All the while his life was a daily martyrdom. Yet he showed that he never lost faith in woman by marrying a second time less than a year after the virago had been consigned to her grave, and his venture amply atoned for his first mistake.

Some months ago a Lawrenceburg (Ohio) miss, the daughter of a farmer, while packing eggs, wrote her name age and address on the shell of one of them. Three or four weeks after she was surprised to receive a letter from a gentleman connected with a produce commission house in Boston, Mass. He told her that the egg upon which she had written her name came into his possession. In concluding his letter the Bostonian gave his name and references and asked the young lady to correspond. The girl accepted the proposition. In a short time photographs were exchanged, and it is now announced that the couple will shortly be married.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, October 1, 1888.

THE FAME OF THE NEW IDEAS AND WAYS in [illegible] is spread [illegible] by the papers one tells another and as the news travels. They are the sort of things that make talk, by their style, each grace, each originality, each richness of exhibition to no common happening.

for Women,
for Big Girls,
for Children,
for the Home

Whatever [illegible] THE FLANNELS ARE HERE. [illegible] Many [illegible] in half [illegible] Kinds [illegible] like a cloud, two [illegible]

White silk embroidered; plain cream, pale blue, [illegible] 50 inches deep, 65c. to $3.50. One hundred and fifty-one styles.

Colored silk embroidered, 2 to 4 inches deep, 50c. to $1.50. Forty-nine styles.

Colored wool embroidered, 1 to 4 inches deep, 50c. to $1.65. Fifty-six styles.

Leaf, bud, leaf, flower and geometrical designs. Full of new thought and every one on grounds of pure wool. Flannel substance with Hamburg [illegible]

All-over dot embroidered Flannels, for dress, or any distinct outside wear, solid grounds, with geodesics of white, pink, cardinal, black, light blue.

white 27 inches, $1.25
colored 36 inches, $1.50.

GERMAN DAMASK AT $1.10 ARE MONEY'S FIT we have a wonderful 60-inch wide quality at 90c. Bleached, clean, clear yarn without roughness or knots. Hold it to the light. No flax such there. The more it's washed the better you'll like it. Napkins to match, $1.10.

[illegible] Double Damask, 64 inches wide, the medium [illegible] A [illegible]

THERE'S ALL-WOOL BLANKET WE SOLD LAST year for $6 we sell this year for $4. It was a fine [illegible] [illegible] A big, generous Blanket, wide [illegible] and leave you room to turn and [illegible]

JOHN WANAMAKER.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A [illegible] teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colera Morbus, and all Internal Pains. For Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague, or any Bilious Complaints use our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove economy [illegible] to the [illegible] knows. There is nothing [illegible] will relieve or arrest the progress [illegible] RADWAY'S READY RELIEF [illegible] directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, N.M., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & CO.: [illegible] are a necessity in our family, we entirely rely on the R. R. R. and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE L. MILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but [illegible] if in chills and fever [illegible] every remedy [illegible] of [illegible] of the [illegible] will escape attacks.

PRACTICING WITH R. R. R.

MONTEREY, MEXICO.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have used [illegible] Ready Relief and Pills. [illegible] J. JONES.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain. Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

[illegible] application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease to the most excruciating pain of different character [illegible] conduct.

It was the first and only pain remedy that instantly stopped the most excruciating pains, allayed inflammations, and cured congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgative. Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calomel.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, [illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, [illegible] vomiting, or nausea, or other derangements of the internal viscera.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family and respect to, in preference of [illegible]

[illegible] A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Danville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, Ky., Feb. 27, 1887.—Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia [illegible] I have used [illegible] Pills, and [illegible] I have received a great deal [illegible]

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured

DR. RADWAY: I have for many years been afflicted [illegible] I have used [illegible] Pills, and [illegible] WILLIAM NOONAN.

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Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents per box. Send "FALSE AND TRUE."

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TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and look for RADWAY'S. Do not [illegible] the name "RADWAY."

Our Young Folks.

THE YOUNG SWEEPS.

BY SOPHY HOPE

"LONG ago, when I was a boy, another boy, a little older, was a great friend of mine."

This was how the children's father began to tell his story to them, when they were clinging about his chair and asking him to tell a true tale.

"We were both very poor little fellows. I don't think my friend even wore shoes or stockings, but we were happy at school and at play, and very fond of each other; and one day, when we were out gathering blackberries, we promised to be friends all our lives.

"I said to him, 'Here is a piece of paper, and here is a needle. Let us write it down in our blood—that we shall be friends always. Go on, Dobbs, stick the needle in your thumb, and write that down in your life-blood.'

"He said, 'No, I won't; but I will write it down with a thorn in blackberry juice, and it will look just as good.'

"I said to him, 'Dobbs, you are afraid.'

"He flared up and said, 'No, I am not; when I grow up I shall be a soldier.'

"So we both signed in blackberry juice; and after taking all that trouble we lost the piece of paper.

"We grew up," the children's father went on, telling the story, "and I made money and had a happy home, and you children have everything you wish for."

"And did Dobbs go to be a soldier?" the children asked.

"Yes, Dobbs went to be a soldier. Afterwards when he was going away to war, he came in a great hurry to see me and to say 'goodbye.' You were only babies then, and he asked me to promise that you should call him uncle."

At this point the girl and two boys all cried out together—"Oh! it is Uncle Tom. Was our Uncle Tom your friend Dobbs?"

Their father began to laugh, and told them yes; "and what is more," he said, "last night I met the postman toiling up the hill, and he gave me a letter from him, and he is coming to see you one of these days and bring you presents from India."

"We shall have a real soldier to talk to," cried the boys in delight.

"I wonder will he tell us all about the battles? What lovely stories!" said the little girl, Dorothy.

The boys could learn no lessons, they were so full of hope, they could talk of nothing else but Uncle Tom coming home with presents and stories.

"When I grow up, I shall be a soldier too!" said little Fred.

"I shan't," said the elder boy, whose name was Valentine; "I shall be a chimney sweep."

Everybody was shocked, except little Fred, who laughed and shrieked with great glee.

"What do you mean by saying such a thing?" his father asked.

"Well, father, it was only—only because I read that sweeps long ago sent boys up the chimneys, and I like climbing, and besides,' said Valentine, who was a very naughty boy, 'it must save such a lot of trouble not to wash one's face; and I do think the negro minstrels that we saw at the shore looked so jolly because they were black."

Dorothy remembered having seen and listened to them, and laughed to think how funny they were.

The boys kept each other awake very late that night, talking about the expected soldier and sweeps; the next morning in school Valentine was sleepy and stupid. The master knocked the ruler on the desk to wake him up.

"He is just like Punch with his stick," thought Valentine. "I always did think Mr. Popple was like Punch; he has such a long nose and chin."

When the master knocked with the ruler to wake him Valentine paused a few moments then raised his head drowsily from the book. What a shock it was! What a fright he got! Mr. Popple was Punch; Punch was presiding over the school. He had a wooden face, and held his stick in wooden hands, and he wore a red coat and a red hat with yellow stripes; and on his back there was a hump—in fact, he had everything that the puppet in the show has, except a dear dog Toby.

Fortunately for Valentine he sat among the boys at a back row of desks. As for the poor little fellows in the front row, they sat upright, all attention, and Mr. Punch treated them just as if they were half a dozen puppets in a show.

He knocked them over and piled them up on the front of his desk, just as Punch puts up the puppets that he is supposed to have killed.

He squeaked out "Ro-too-too too-it!" in a tone that made Valentine jump, and then he stepped over the desks and caught Valentine by the shoulder.

"Oh! go away, Mr. Punch—go away!" cried Valentine out loud.

And in saying it he woke up. All the boys were gone. Mr. Popple was shaking him by the shoulder, and he had been calling the master Punch!

"You lazy boy!" the master said, "I have been knocking with the ruler as hard as I could to wake you. You may go home now; it is dinner-time. But when you come this afternoon I shall make you march straight to Dr. Smithers, and tell him how you went to sleep and called me names!"

Dr. Smithers was the head of the school; and on hearing that he was to march straight to him after dinner Valentine was so frightened that his hair would have stood on an end if it possibly could—but perhaps hair can't stand on end at all.

He went home with his little brother Fred, and said—

"Fred, would you like to have a holiday? Let us make sweeps of ourselves and go out for the day. Nobody will know us when we are all black so none of the boys can tell about us, even if we pass them in the street; and we shall have such fun!"

Little Fred was easily persuaded. So after dinner they got burnt cork and blackened their faces, and dressed themselves up as like little sweeps as they could, and each took a brush in his hand.

They could not help laughing at each other; and the more they laughed the funnier they looked, with their black faces and bright eyes, and their white teeth shining.

"Now," said Valentine, "we shall have great fun—out for a holiday and nobody can know us."

"Don't go yet," said little Fred; "Dorothy would like to see us; it would make Dorothy laugh."

But when their sister saw them she thought they were so black that they could never be washed white any more. She began to cry most bitterly, and the big tears rolled down her face.

And just at that moment there was a knock at the door.

It was the long-expected soldier: it was Uncle Tom!

The two little sweeps fled; and Dorothy was found alone, and, as they say, "crying her eyes out."

When their father and his old friend searched the house after an hour or more they were startled by seeing two black boys peep out from under the play-room sofa.

It was only because of the soldier's arrival that the sweeps were forgiven. But how miserable the two little mischiefs felt when Uncle Tom found them in that state!

But Uncle Tom was an uncle worth having. He got pardon for Valentine for having called Mr. Popple "Punch;" he brought a monkey and a box of chessmen, and an Indian sash for Dorothy; and they all gathered round his chair and had "stories from a real live soldier," as Dorothy said.

It was very queer to think he was not their uncle after all, but that he had once been a boy with their father, and the two had promised to be friends always, and had signed the promise in blackberry juice.

"I think I'll be friends, too, with somebody at school," said little Fred—"friends always."

MEG'S FAULT.

BY G. I. E.

OUTSIDE the wall there stretched on all sides a great common, where gorse and blackberry bushes grew in clumps, with narrow grass paths between.

The mother had said—"Children, I do not want you to go on the common to-day, for I hear that some strange cattle are turned out there, and they may not be quite safe."

But when the mother had gone, and the children were tired of playing in the garden, Meg, the eldest of them said—

"At any rate we may look out—that can do no harm."

So she opened the gate and looked out, whilst little Sue stood beside her, leaning her back against it.

Neil, the other sister, had mounted upon the wall, and they all strained their eyes to see if the cattle were in sight. But not a cow was to be seen.

"There are the geese coming up from the pond," said Neil, springing down; "let us go and chase them. It's such fun to see them threatening to attack us, and then running away as soon as we charge them."

The others laughed.

"But mother said we must not go," said little Sue.

"Oh, she was afraid of the strange cows, and there is not a cow to be seen anywhere on the common," said Meg, "and, besides, we shall not be long away; the geese are coming this way as fast as they can."

Then the three armed themselves with stout pea-sticks, and sallied forth. The geese hissed and flapped their wings, and looked fierce.

Little Sue shrank back, but Meg and Neil, who were not afraid of anything, darted forward, brandished their pea-sticks, and the geese, turning round, fled away; the children after them. All at once they stopped.

* * * * * * *

Why did they stop?

They had come to a great gorse patch where the bushes grew higher than usual and the ground was higher, and as Meg reached a slight eminence she saw just before her a herd of strange cattle feeding.

"What is it, Meg?"

"The cattle, the strange cattle! We must get back as fast as we can."

They took Sue's hand, and the three turned back, running as swiftly as they could, and hoping to get to the gate before the cows should come round the corner of the gorse patch.

From time to time as they hurried on Meg looked round to see if they were out of danger.

No cow in sight yet. But they were same distance from the garden gate.

When she next looked she observed a solitary cow, and it was evident the animal had observed the flying children, and was coming in their direction.

"On, on, Neil and Sue! faster, faster!" she said.

But the faster they went the quicker the cow seemed to move.

She looked round once more; there was no doubt but that the cow was pursuing them.

Meg gave a half-terrified cry; but she was a brave girl, notwithstanding her many failings. She had heard it said that if one faced a cow, fixing one's eyes steadily upon it, the cow could be kept at bay.

And as the cow gradually approached nearer to them she determined to make the effort, as the only way of saving her sisters.

"Neil, get Sue into the garden, and I will manage the cow. Quick! Go—go at once. It's Sue's only chance."

She spoke imperiously, and Neil, awed by the danger, hastened away, crying out as she ran along, "Help, help! The cows, the cows!"

She managed to drag Sue into the garden, and her cries were still, "Help, help! the cows! Meg, Meg!"

In the meantime the cow had come within twenty yards of Meg, and had paused as Meg, facing round, regarded her steadily.

In spite of her dealings with ordinary cows, Meg felt nervous, but still maintained a steady stare at her pursuer. Then Meg moved backwards, still keeping her eyes upon the enemy. As she moved the cow moved, but did not come any nearer to her.

Meg knew every inch of the ground, but doubted if she would be able to get over it in safety.

Back, back, back! they are a little nearer the gate now.

And still the cow followed, though evidently uncomfortable under Meg's fixed gaze.

Back, back. The cow was flourishing her tail. She was getting angry.

Poor Meg! how her heart beat.

Then came loud shouts in answer to Neil's cry; the cow wheeled suddenly round; a man was driving her away, whilst Meg was caught in her father's arms just as she was falling to the ground.

It was some moments before she comprehended that she was saved, for she had half fainted.

Then she burst into a fit of crying, and as her mother met her at the garden gate, sobbing as loudly as Meg herself, Meg sobbed out—

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me! We are safe, we are safe! and I will never disobey you again."

HISTORIC SPANIELS.

THE dog which has distinguished itself most in history is of Spanish origin. King Charles the Second first brought the little black spaniel and his spotted-coated brother the Blenheim, into high repute. Pepys in his "Diary" states that the King's four-footed namesakes had unchallenged access into Whitehall, even on State occasions.

In "Royalty Restored," we hear of a spaniel belonging to James the Second.

When the Duke of York, he wished to escape from the Palace where he was a State prisoner. To accustom his elders to his being out of their sight, he played hide-and-seek with his younger brother and sister some weeks before his departure.

On the night on which he had planned to leave, before going "he disappeared behind the arras, but instead of hiding he hastened to his sister's chamber, where he looked up a favorite spaniel, that was in the habit of following his footsteps wherever he went." When its master was stealing down to the Thames, this would be Stuart follower was howling in St. James'.

It was to a spaniel that the Prince of Orange, when fighting for the Dutch Republic, owed his life. The dog gave him timely warning when he was in imminent danger of assassination, and ever after the Prince kept a dog of this species near his person.

Louis the Fifteenth had a spaniel whose single-hearted devotion was ill requited. She was a gentle creature he had himself reared, and trained to starve rather than to take food from any other hand but her King's hand.

But when Louis that was, lay forsaken, a mass of abhorred clay, when the feet of his late servile courtiers where hastening through the galleries of Versailles to pay homage to the new King, there was no loyal canine subject left to mourn over her dead master. The dog, whose absolute attachment the king had won, he deliberately shot in a fit of cold-blooded brutality.

Louis's daughters had some spaniels which accompanied them on their flight from France when revolt had become revolution. Perhaps some descendant of the spaniel their father so cruelly killed, shared the sorrows, gladdened the journeyings of these Royal spinsters.

The Duc d'Enghien had a spaniel which passionately lamented over his death, and we wonder if Napoleon suffered any qualm of remorse when he read of it fiercely bemoaning its master's untimely fate in the moat at Vincennes.

At the first halt the Duc d'Enghien's abductors made, their prisoner requested them to send back to Ettenheim for his dog and his clothes."

He did well to ask for his dog, for at Strasburg Napoleon had ordered that his friends and servants were to leave him. His dog, however, since it lacked "the divine power to speak words," was not included in the order.

In the brief days of life which remained to him, this speechless friend was his only companion, went with him a prisoner to Paris, and entered Vincennes at his heels. The dog beguiled him out of dark thoughts of his doleful prospects, his spirits rose, and he left the window, out of which he had been disconsolately staring, and called his dog to share his supper with him.

The faithful creature was on guard beside him, when, one midnight, he was aroused from his sleep to appear before his judges.

The Duke, sure of his innocence, went to the mockery of a trial, with sanguine hopes of speedy release. He did not know that, during his trial, his grave was being dug.

After leaving the judgment hall the prisoner, still unsuspicious of the haste to fulfil the sentence from which he expected a pardon, was talking to a soldier who had known his grandfather, the Prince of Conde.

An historian says "he played with his dog" while chatting gaily to the soldier. The poor beast had been ill at ease, for some subtle instinct warned it that there was danger afoot.

Its dull spirits were raised by its master's assurance; but it was a short-lived contentment, for the Duke and his dumb friend were soon parted by death.

The prisoner was ordered to follow the commander down a darksome stairway, which led into the moat.

The Duke hesitated; but the dog, as usual, followed without question at his master's heels. The Duke, when he reached the trench, realised the truth. He cut a lock of his hair, gave it and a ring to a friend, to send to his betrothed, Princess Charlotte de Rohan.

As 3 o'clock struck, the soldiers fired, and Napoleon's young victim fell. The spaniel, in the dim light—for it was a gloomy March morning, and the moat was lit by a solitary lantern—had not seen its master's face, and was unaware of his evil fate till it saw him dead.

In vain it fawned upon him, who, but a few minutes previously, had stroked and commended his pleased favorite.

Then Lamartine tells how "his dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty that the poor animal could be torn from the spot and given to one of the Prince's servants who took him to Princess Charlotte—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore."

We trust Lamartine was right, and the masterless dog was not left to mourn by the spot it knew too well, till the police, fearing it would excite pity, conveyed to Princess Charlotte, it is said, had hastened to Paris in hopes of interceding for her handsome lover, so the poor spaniel would not have far to travel till it found a mistress ready to befriend it. Whenever her thoughts strayed to the weed-covered grave in the moat, she would stroke the much-loved spaniel's head, as it rested on her knee, looking tenderly into its wistful brown eyes, remembering that they were the only friendly ones that had seen her hero die.

A GOOD EXERCISE.—The exercise, said a doctor, which I have found of most value in developing the lungs may be described as follows: Standing erect as possible, with shoulders thrown back and chest forward, the arms hanging close to the body; the head up, with lips firmly closed, inhalation is to be taken as slowly as may be; at the same time the extended arms are to be gracefully raised, the back of the hands upward, until they closely approach each other above the head.

The movement should be so regulated that the arms will be extended directly over the head at the moment the lungs are completely filled. This position should be maintained from five to thirty seconds before the reverse process is began. As the arms are gradually lowered the breath is exhaled slowly, so the lungs shall be as nearly freed from breath as possible at the time the arms again reach the first position at the side.

By these movements the greatest expansion possible is reached, for upon inspiration the weight of the shoulders and pectoral muscles are lifted, allowing the thorax to expand fully, while upon exhalation in lowering the arms we utilize the additional force of this pressure upon the upper thorax to render expiration as complete as possible. These deep respirations should be repeated five or six times, and the exercise gone through with several times a day. It is hardly necessary to remark that the clothing must in no way interfere with the exercise.

In some cases this exercise is more advantageous when taken lying flat on the back, instead of standing. In this position the inspiratory muscles become rapidly strengthened by opposing the additional pressure exerted by the abdominal organs against the expanding lungs. And, on the other hand, expiration is more perfect and full on account of the pressure of these organs. This is an exercise now advocated by several leading vocal teachers of Europe.

Be discreet in all things and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any. There is nothing mysterious about the action of Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. It puts the stomach in healthy action. Good digestion and health naturally follow. Be discreet and use this, the best remedy.

I REMEMBER.

BY BLAIR M. BEST.

I remember in the dawnlight,
When Aurora paints the sky,
I remember in the noontide,
When the glowing sun is high.

I remember in the gloaming,
When the shadows dark and tall
Lie upon the hopes of morning
Like a drear funereal pall.

I remember in the blackness
Of the sombre, silent night,
When the world is wrapped in slumber,
And when ghostly visions fright.

I remember in my dreaming,
I remember when awake,
In the summer of sweet laughter,
In the winter of heartbreak.

And I think that I'll remember
When I'm lying cold and dead,
When the grass of cycling ages
Smiles and dies above my head.

CURIOSITIES OF NUMBERS.

From the earliest days, after people learned to count, many strange superstitions have been attached to numbers. there is, of course, nothing really "uncanny" about any particular numeral or multiple of numerals; but since the human animal is naturally intensely superstitious, it is not surprising that the really curious properties possessed by some numbers should have led the ignorant to suppose that there was something supernatural about these fateful figures.

A good many sacred attributes attach to the first of all the numbers. It was considered to be the essence of the Creator, since "there is one faith, one law, one baptism."

Two was a very remarkable number, by reason of duality having been so closely observed at the Creation: there were made light and darkness, the sun and the moon, and the two sexes. Two represents the principles of contrast; each virtue has its opposing vice, and every joy is counterbalanced by a sorrow.

Three was the most sacred of all the simple numbers. Pythagoras made it the symbol of Deity, for it contains within itself the beginning, the middle, and the end. It indicates not only the Trinity, but the three attributes of Christ. Three was a favorite number of classical mythology. There were three Graces; three Furies; three Hours; and Jove was armed with a triple thunderbolt.

Pythagoras taught that four was "the most perfect of numbers and the root of all things." Five had many attributes. It rendered poisons powerless, and was greatly feared by evil spirits. There are five senses, five fingers, five toes, five continents, and vowels.

Six was a lucky number; and the world was created in six days. Seven was also lucky, and was very powerful for good or evil. There were, or are, seven ages of the world, seven metals, seven colors, seven planets. Rome was built upon seven hills; it had seven kings; under Nero it burned for seven successive days; and it contains seven principal churches.

The sleepers of Ephesus were seven; Adam and Eve, according to legend, were seven hours in Paradise; and there were seven Electors of the Holy Roman Empire. In the ceremonies of the Church of Rome the number recurs constantly. Eight possesses certain purely mathematical significations which are not particularly interesting.

Nine being a trinity of trinities, is a perfect plural, and fuller of mystical meaning than any of the other numbers. There was a nine-headed hydra; there are nine crowns and nine marks of "cadency" in heraldry; the ordeal by fire consisted in walking barefoot over nine red-hot ploughshares; the Abracadabra, one of the most ancient of occult formula, was worn round the neck for nine days; and there are nine forms of crosses.

Some of the reasons why certain numbers had come to be regarded as fatal are very curious. The numbers forty, eighty-six, and eighty-eight have often been fatal to the sovereigns of the House of Hohenzollern. The founder of that House, the Elector Frederick, died in 1440; George William died in 1640; Frederick William III., in 1840. Albrecht Achilles died in 1486, and Frederick the Great in 1786. The Great Elector died in 1688; the Emperor William in 1888; and the late Emperor Frederick in the same year.

The 3d of September was a fateful day for Cromwell. On that day he was born; on that day he won the battles of Dunbar and of Worcester, his two most important victories; and on that day he died. Charles II. was born on the 29th of May, and restored on the 29th of May.

An ancient tradition says that there shall never be more than three monarchs of England in succession without a revolution of greater or less importance; and it is a singular fact, which anyone may verify by referring to a history of England, that there was a revolution of some kind at the end of every third reign, or earlier, from the usurpation of Stephen until the peaceful accession of George IV. extinguished the truth of the tradition.

The number eighty-eight was fatal, once every century, to the House of Stuart. Robert II. of Scotland, the first monarch of that dynasty, died in 1388; James II. of Scotland was killed in 1488; Mary Stuart was beheaded in 1588; James II. was dethroned in 1688; Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the last hope of the Jacobites, died in 1788.

The 24 of December has always been the lucky day of the Bonapartes. Napoleon I. was crowned on December 2, 1804; on December 2, 1805, he gained the battle of Austerlitz, his most transcendent victory; on December 2, 1851, Napoleon III. made the *coup d'etat;* and on December 2, 1852, he was proclaimed Emperor.

The 24th of February was the fortunate day of the Emperor Charles V. He was born on the 24th of February, 1500; on that day in 1525, he won the battle of Pavia; and he was crowned on the 24th of February, 1530.

Odd coincidences of dates have sometimes, but not often occurred in literature. The most striking example is the death of Shakspeare and Cervantes—the two greatest masters of fiction the world has ever known—on the same day, the 23d of April, 1616. Shakspeare was born likewise on the 23d of April.

All history is full of astonishing coincidences with regard to numbers. They are, of course, mere coincidences and nothing more; but they are often, as we have seen, exceedingly curious; and it is not surprising that in more ignorant ages the properties of numbers should have appeared so strange and wierd that it seemed certain their recurrence was governed by some occult law.

"When I see men of genius not daring to sit down thirteen at table," wrote an olden philosopher, "there is no error, ancient or modern, which astonishes me."

Grains of Gold.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

Some to the fascinations of a name surrender judgment hoodwinked.

Slander is a slime which envious people throw on others better than themselves.

To praise great actions with sincerity may be said to be taking part in them.

Fashion is only gold front jewelry; it may appear well, but the value is not there.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

The lightning is vivid against a dark cloud; so the bravest lives sometimes are amid trials.

To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice.

In sickness let me not so much say, am I getting better of my pain? as am I getting better for it.

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true.

Don't depend on borrowed ideas, any more than you would be content with second-hand clothes.

There is some value in being abused, for thoroughly worthless people do not receive even that much notice.

It is a curious fact that man will condemn all the faults in others, and excuse whatever habits he may possess himself.

Femininities.

Made of all work—Some women's lives.

Happiness is the smile on the face of Contentment.

The duck of a bonnet often makes a goose of a woman.

If bread has to be cut when hot the knife should be heated.

Monkey skin for muffs and trimmings will be more popular than ever.

The bridesmaid has gone out of style, but the bride is as popular as ever.

Queen Christina of Spain has a mania for being photographed with her children.

The Empress of Japan is a hard student of German, Russian, French and Italian.

What a large number of people would rather have left unsaid—"Will you marry me?"

Woman is mortally afraid of a mouse, they say, but a mouse-tache don't scare her a bit.

Balsac says woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

Windows should never be cleaned while the sun shines on them, or they are sure to be left streaky.

It is said that a sermon is always short to a woman who wears a bonnet to church for the first time.

Brooms dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise do.

Clara: "I love my husband." Flora: "Sodo I." Clara: "————?" Flora, hastily: "I mean mine."

The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.

Silk dresses should never be brushed, but should be carefully rubbed with an old piece of velvet kept for the purpose.

The fashion of having many small tables instead of one large dining table is being set by the best society in France.

Lord Beaconsfield used to say of his wife, "She was the best of creatures, but she didn't know which came first—the Greeks or the Romans."

"Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear to-night in my hair?" "Yes, mum, but—" "But what?" "I've mislaid the hair, mum."

Queen Victoria is much annoyed at the discussion now going on in the English press over the question, "Is marriage a failure?" She thinks differently.

A poem is going the rounds entitled "The Seven Ages of Woman." It is intended to express the delicacy and tact with which a woman approaches this great subject.

Probably the reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is not the perpetual friction of their tongues upon the pearl, but rather the intense sweetness of their lips.

When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach; to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older.

A bunch of flowers above the forehead is almost as much used to fasten bridal veils as the jeweled clasps so much affected in New York, and the fashion is really in much better taste.

"No girl gets along well without a mother," says a moral contemporary. This may be true, but hereabouts girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

When using stale bread for puddings always soak it in cold liquid. Bread that has been soaked in cold milk or water is light and crumbly, whereas that soaked in hot liquid is heavy.

Who has heard of a woman cashier or clerk or private secretary embezzling her pockets full and skipping to Canada? It is about time that the superior honesty of woman in business should be recognized and rewarded.

Not a genuine article. Miss Bruce, who has heard that her friend Miss Deering has had a falling out with Mr. Downey: "Why, I thought, Eugenia, that you and Dick were very solid." Miss Deering, lightly: "Oh, dear, no; only plated."

Leading English gunmakers report that they have this season had a remarkably large number of orders for fine guns from ladies. Shooting during the season is said to be the latest notion of the English woman of quality, although some prefer fishing.

Husband: "You seem very happy." Wife: "Why shouldn't I? My jewel of a servant girl isn't going to leave me after all." Husband: "Why not?" Wife: "She had engaged to work for Mrs. Fortunatus, but she can't now, for this morning Mrs. Fortunatus died. Wasn't it too sweet of her?"

"Oh, Harry, what a beautiful birthday present! I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?" "Yes, darling." "And the case is superb. It isn't a charm or an earring, for you would have bought me a pair. I never saw anything like it. What is it?" "Never saw anything like it!" cried Harry. "Why, it's a thimble!"

Vicar, to one of his parishioners whose face showed signs of recent weeping: "Why, Mrs. Hunter, what's the matter? Is your husband ill?" Parishioner: "Everything's the matter, sir! You told me that when I got married I should come to the end of all my troubles; but instead of that—" "So I did, my good woman; but I didn't say which end."

Don't play practical jokes. They always result in trouble. A young lady in Fredericksburg, Md., removed some money from the trunk of another young lady and gave it to some young man to hold until it was missed. She is now on trial for larceny, and whatever the outcome, or however innocent she may be, the disgrace will attach to her for life.

Masculinities.

When with a smile your argument she hears,
She has resolved your wishes to obey,
But when she meets your reasoning with tears,
Be sure, O man, she means to have her way.

Teaching is of more importance than exhorting.

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.

Nothing tires a smart man so quickly as seeing a lazy man resting himself.

Love of justice is with most of us nothing but the fear of suffering injustice.

Every man's heart is a grave yard in which are entombed the dead heroes of his ideals.

When one man tries to do the work of three the work of two generally remains undone.

It was a woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.

A man's nature will show through the fabric of his work, let him follow in the steps of what master he will.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

A discuss on of the Malthusian theory elicited the statement that clergymen, as a rule, have the largest families.

An orator is simply the mouthpiece of an idea. The roosters make the most noise and do all the crowing, but they lay no eggs.

A lover, writing to his sweetheart, expatiating upon his affection for her, describes his heart as being rolled out like a pancake and folded round hers."

It is hard enough, anyway, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simple torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

Disraeli used to joke with his wife by telling her that he had married her for money, to which she always replied: "Ah, if you had to do it again you would do it for love."

The dangers of knowledge are not to be compared with the dangers of ignorance. Man is more likely to miss his way in darkness than in twilight; in twilight than in full sun.

Words fail to express the feelings of the man who, after patiently waiting half an hour for a horse-car, is told by a passing policeman that "the last car went by 31 minutes ago."

A "Thirteen Club" out in Tekamah, Nebraska, has gone to smash, but not through the death of its members. It was composed entirely of bachelors, and they nearly all got married.

Young mother, displaying baby: "Isn't he a great, noble fellow, Major?" Major, anxious to please: "Yes, indeed, madam. Why, he has go hands and feet on him like a hired man's."

There is scarce any man who cannot persuade himself of his own merit. Has he common-sense, he prefers it to genius; has he some diminutive virtues, he prefers them to great talents.

If the girls of a family are gentle and courteous one to another, the boys are sure for very shame to rub off the sharpest edges of their behavior and be helpful and kindly to their sisters.

At a ladies' celebration one of the toasts was: "Old bachelors! may they lie alone on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stretcher, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen maids."

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that, consequently, the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.

Place a wooden pail ten feet away and give a woman a dozen peach stones and she can pitch an average of two in the pail. A man can land ten or eleven. 'Nother reason why man is the superior animal.

She: "Whose ducky is oo?" He: "O.'s." She: "Forever, and ever, and ever?" "Yes, I is." She: "Has oo dot five dollars for oor ducky dear?" He: "Thunder! no, Melinda. Think I'm made of money, don't y ou?"

Lady X., to Egyptian prince: "Well, how do you like this country?" Egyptian prince: "I am delighted with everything, but especially with the flowers. Flowers are my passion." (Takes the celery and sniffs it ecstatically.)

A lady was standing on the footboard of a car when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered his seat. "I thank you," she said, in a very sweet tone, "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of a seat."

Stick to what you understand, although it may yield but a moderate return, and do not dabble in matters you know nothing about in the hope of making a Croesus of yourself: otherwise you will make something else of yourself which it would be impolite to mention.

Lawyer: "Excuse, me sir, but if you allow your will to remain this way, it will surely be contested by your wife after you are gone." Rich old gentleman: "Well, she's contested my will ever since she married me 40 years ago, and it will be no new experience for her; let it go as it is."

A little grammar of the last century has an illustration representing the difference between the active, passive and neuter verbs. It is a picture of a father whipping his boy. The father is active, the boy is passive, and the mother, sitting by herself on a stool looking on and doing nothing, is neuter.

Bagley, sternly: "Aurelia, let this thing stop right here! Mr. De Twirliger—" Aurelia: "Oh, paw! Do not forbid Arthur the house!" Bagley: "He may come every night in the week if he pleases, but he shall not bring his dog into my parlor. Last night its howlings kept me awake for an hour." Aurelia. "Why, paw! that was Arthur singing a selection from 'Erminie.'"

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Connoisseur for September, like its predecessors, is filled with pictures and reading matter of the first beauty and taste. Bailey, Banks & Biddle, publishers, Phila.

St Nicholas is copiously illustrated, and contains many very pleasantly told stories that cannot help interesting the young ones. "Sea Gulls at the Lighthouse" relates the antics of those queer birds as seen at the seashore. Then follow, "The Boy Bears," "Two Little Confederates," "Watasinka," a brave Indian maid; "The Bilged Midshipman," is a middy whose tricks compel him to leave the service; an article on "Tea," and "The Great Man of the Family." The Century Co, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for October is exceptionally rich in contributions of general scientific interest. It contains: "Relation of the Sexes to Government," by Prof. E D. Cope; "A Living Mystery," by Grant Allen; "The Growth of Jelly Fishes," by Prof. W. K. Brooks, illustrated, is concluded; "Man in Relation to the Lower Animals," by Prof. E. Emerson; "Hypnotism: What it Is, and What it Is Not," by Dr. C. A. Herter; "Ethics and Economics," by Robert Mathews; "Curiosities of Evolution," by Mrs Alice Bonington. Illustrated; "What is Known of the Earth," by Richard Strachey, F. R. S.; "The Last Stages in the Genealogy of Man," by M. Paul Topinard; "Bird Courts of Justice;" "Sketch of J. B. Boussingault," with portrait. The departments, as usual, are full of interest and information. Appleton & Co., publishers New York.

The Century is as full of interesting matter of a varied character as usual, and is replete with handsome illustrations. The frontispiece is a full page engraving of the poet Emma Lazarus, and a comparison of some of her productions is made in a carefully prepared article. "An English Deer Park" presents scenes of as lovely a place as could be in any of the northern counties. Walt Whitman, in the form of a diary, tells his experiences with 'Army Hospitals and Cases from 1863 to 1866." "Frontier Types" are some of Mr. Roosevelt's truly American sketches of life among the cowboys. Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton states the wonderful perfection of "American Machine Cannon and Dynamite Guns." The plans of the campaign are narrated in in this instalment of "Abraham Lincoln" by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay. "Our National Military System" has four contributions from soldiers; they are: "What the United States Army Should be," "Our National Guard," "Comment on Colonel Rice's Paper" and "Military Education and the United States Militia." The Century Co., publishers, New York.

The October *Forum* contains a review of Tolstoi's remarkable career and writings with especial reference to his religious opinions and teachings, by Aroudeacon Farrar. Another essay on a literary subject in this number is the British critic, Edmund Gosse's, answer to the question, "Has America Produced a Poet?" Edward Atkinson continues his series of essays on our "Industrial Condition and Wages and Labor Problems" with a comprehensive view of "The Progress of the Nation" since the civil war. But Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, explains specifically what effect protective duties have on wages. Another industrial article is a statement by Mr. Adelbert Hamilton of "The Great Railway Debt" in the United States. Two political articles are on "Race Antagonism in the South," and "Why the Chinese must be Excluded," by Mr. W. B Farwell, of San Francisco. Other articles are the concluding essay on "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by the Rev. A. S. Isaacs; "The Border-Land of Morals," by Rev. C. A. Bartol; and "The Dread of Death," by Junius Henri Browne, who shows that dying is generally painless. The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth avenue, New York.

The October *Magazine of American History* is a rich and welcome number. It opens with the first part of a romantic chapter of Texas history, entitled "The City of a Prince," the graphic story of a German colonization scheme of some forty years ago, in Texas. The next article is an illustrated sketch of the "Site of Old Fort Massachusetts," conspicuous in the French and Indian War, by Dr D. D Slade. The third contribution is Hon. George B Loring's "Vindication of General Samuel Holden Parsons," from the charges of treasonable correspondence with the enemy in the Revolution. Following this is an "Unpublished Letter of President John Adams." Then comes "A Boston Newspaper of the Revolution," by Hon. Horatio King exceedingly entertaining; and "The Marquis de Lotbiniere," a brief paper by John Horn, of Montreal. "A Trip from New York to Niagara, in 1839," is from the unpublished diary of the well-known journalist and racy writer of half a century ago, Col. William L. Stone, whose portrait is the frontispiece to the number. Shorter articles include "Revolutionary Houses in New Jersey," by Andrew Mellick, jr., and a sketch of the "House of General Rufus Putnam, where the Ohio Company Originated," by J. A. Smith. All the minor departments are good. There is not a dull page in the number. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

Don't yield to rheumatism till you have tried Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Of all the popular favorites, the genuine article is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

A VALUABLE OLD AGE.

There is much to be said of the value of youthful energy and mature strength but very little of the unique services and the influence which the wise and vigorous old age is capable of rendering. This part of life is regarded at best with tolerance and sympathy, the respect and deference which are sometimes rendered, and oftener withheld, are based upon what has been done in the past rather than on any actual and present worth or efficiency.

There is perhaps an adequate cause for this way of looking at the old age in the actual lives led in our modern civilization. Whatever plans are made or efforts put forth to render life useful, there are few, if any, to provide for its long continuance.

Business and pleasure are crowded into the former part of life with a reckless hand; men live fast and perhaps accomplish much for a few years; then they find their powers, exhausted their health impaired, and either life is cut short or what is left of it comparatively valueless.

Thus we frequently hear the expression, "I do not wish to live to be old," by which is meant that years burdensome to oneself, and useless to others cannot be regarded as a boon.

Viewed in the light of society's needs this is a great mistake. Many of the early years of life are absorbed in learning, and but a few remain in which decided services can be rendered.

Every year well spent brings accumulated knowledge, power, and experience to enrich these services and each should, therefore, be more valuable than the preceding one. No one can hurry through early and middle life, filling his days with exciting business and hope to enjoy a vigorous and valuable old age.

Moderation, temperance, a calm mind and an unburdened conscience are among the first essentials. The best possible care of the physical system which implies a better knowledge of the laws of our own being than most of us now possess is requisite.

More than all, a good life, where virtue is cultivated, where wisdom is stored up and folly banished, where benevolence and love reign and malice and hate are driven away, is the foundation of a valuable old age.

Bodily strength may decline but the purity, the experience, the wisdom will remain and benefit society in a manner and to a degree that can flow from no zeal of youth nor energy of middle life.

Cicero sums up the whole subject when he says—

"Life has its fixed course and nature one unvarying way; each age has assigned to it what best suits it, so that the fickleness of boyhood, the sanguine temper of youth, the soberness of riper years, and the maturity of old age equally have something in harmony with nature, which ought to be made availing in its season."

Calling a Boy.—Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it.

There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; and so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go about it in the right way.

She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John" followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry."

A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast young man, before I come there an' give you something you'll feel."

This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to asleep again and the operation has to be repeated two or three times.

A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like a shock of electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature.

He pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and downstairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once in a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

"Lewis the Light," a Brooklyn crank who parades the streets in a white costume more adapted for bathing purposes than every-day wear, visited the Brooklyn Tabnacle Sunday. He insisted on taking off his coat in church and showing a white shirt with a big red heart decorated thereon. An officer ordered him to put on his coat. He refused, it was necessary to lead him out of church. He then visited another church and went through the same performance.

Weak will power from physical causes deranges a man's life in every direction. Every one will strengthen his will powers as well as his bodily powers, by using Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It is guaranteed the best. Sold by your druggists for $1. Contains 120 doses. Take no other for it.

OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

The art of embellishing the human face and figure seems to have made great strides of late. Ladies are, of course, most concerned in it, but even the men have made some advances in the cunning of personal tidivation and the removal of blemishes.

It is said that a "professor" has recently established himself in a certain city for the practice of a system of nasal improvement. Among other feats he undertakes to reduce the most bloated and rubicund proboscis of the habitual size and color by "scientific" treatment, for a sum ranging from five to twenty dollars according to the stage of efflorescence.

First he applies leeches; then he restores the elasticity of the arterial and venous fibres by a current of electricity; and finally he encases the fiery protuberance in a mold of plaster of Paris.

But, of course, ladies are the most exacting in these matters, and, of course, it is for them that modern ingenuity has achieved its greatest triumphs.

The artist in finger nails has long been familiar to the reader of novels; more particularly French novels.

It is said that within the past few years professors of this art have increased considerably in London; though here, by the way, as well as in Paris, New York and Philadelphia, gentlemen as well as ladies are numbered among their patrons. The finger tips are steeped in eau-de-cologne, covered first with a salve and then with a powder, and they are then cut and filed and polished.

Most persons know there are in certain quarters of London—and probably in most other large towns too—artists who lay themselves out for the painting of black eyes—eyes that have been bruised by a blow.

There is also the announcement of another very interesting development in the art of personal improvement. This is nothing less than the artificial production of dimples.

It is notorious that nature has been the veriest niggard in her distribution of these charming features of a smiling face, or of a plump, white little hand or arm; and until of late years they were always regarded as beyond the sphere of art.

Some time ago, however, a lady magnanimously came forward with the announcement that art had at last successfully competed with nature in this matter also, and that dimples were now to be had in any number at ten dollars apiece.

She herself had invested in one by way of experiment. A dimpled arm is universally allowed to be very childish and pretty and this is how this enterprising lady obtained it.

A small glass tube was pressed down upon the spot where the dimple was to be, and the air sucked out of it so as to raise a very tiny protuberance in the flesh.

Around this little bud a bit of scarlet silk was deftly tied and the tube removed. "A wicked looking knife now neatly sliced off the pimply head of flesh tied around with silk, and the trifling wound thus produced was quickly bound up with a small, highly polished silver cone inverted over it so as to depress the exact centre of the wound.

Re-dressing was required for five days, at the end of which the bandages were undone and the cone removed, "and there sure enough," says the delighted lady, "was the prettiest little dimple in the world; and all I had to pay for it was ten do'lars!"

It is all very interesting but it cannot be denied that it tends to make falling in love and getting married even more speculative and perilous than they used to be. What with false hair and artificial teeth and glass eyes and penciled eyebrows, powdered complexions, tight lacing, padding and "improving," it has long been sufficiently difficult for Coelebs in search of a wife to be quite sure of the precise nature of the different prizes he is inclined to bid for. It did seem as though beauty spots and dimples might be looked upon as genuine things. Now it appears that even freckles may be works of art, and that dimples may be the outcome of a surgical operation.

Fire-eaters.—The secret of fire-eaters is said to consist in merely rubbing the hands with pure spirits of sulphur, and thoroughly washing with the same preparation the mouth, lips, tongue, and other parts which are to touch the fire. This burns or cauterizes the outer skin until it becomes as hard as thick leather. When, by frequent applications, the skin has become so horny as to become troublesome, washing the parts affected with warm water will bring away all the shrivelled skin. No doubt the frequent handling of hot things produces a great hardness and callosity of the skin. Blacksmiths may often be met with who will pick up a glowing bar of iron in their naked hands, or take a live coal from a hot fire to light their pipes with.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Young Tip

Log Cabins have mostly disappeared as human habitations. Many good people have lived happy lives in them, and many great men have been born in them. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and "Tippecanoe" Stomach Tonic, made by Warner of Safe Cure fame, are reproductions of the best of the old time remedies with which the pioneers of America maintained their rugged health.

The Real Sufferer.—Several years ago, a well-known physician spent a few weeks at the house of a man noted for his moral courage and powerful intellect. He was shocked on the evening of his arrival to see his host turn pale, stagger to a sofa, and gasp loudly for breath. The wife, a worn, wan little woman, quietly brought a glass of water, and stood by him until he recovered. He rose presently.

"It is my heart, doctor," he said. "Agonizing pain! My end will be sudden. The pain is intolerable."

Professional etiquette kept the visitor silent, though he suspected the pain was referable to flatulency. His host speedily recovered his spirits, and the evening passed pleasantly. The next morning, however, the great statesman appeared at the breakfast-table in a gloomy, irritable mood. The doors and windows were all shut, the temperature of the house was kept at fever heat.

"I am convinced that I have all the premonitory symptoms of pneumonia," he insisted.

His wife appeared, pale and heavy-eyed, having been up all night in attendance upon him. When his guest left him, he said:

"I shall make a sudden end, doctor. You will see my death in the paper some morning, and I suppose you'll say, 'Poor Blank, I wonder he held out so long!'"

"The man," said the doctor, "is living yet, and promises to reach a hale, hearty old age. But his wife is dead. She was not strong, and neither body nor mind could stand the wear and tear of his incessant complaints."

The monotony of jail life in a Florida town was broken by a prize fight between two of the prisoners. They occupied different cells, but the obliging jailor allowed them to come together in the yard, where pummelled each other, to the enjoyment of the jailor and the sheriff, who were onlookers. The encounter was the outcome of an old grudge, and at its conclusion the belligerents peaceably returned to their cells.

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would startle those of the present age.

Why was it?

One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there cannot be an effect without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on, these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best results.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs. This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin Remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies, but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so familiar to the shelves of our druggists. This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he hasn't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approbation at our reader's hands, as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

Humorous.

PRECISELY.

Fishes are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.

Dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn;
No nephew or niece fancies aunts,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs his own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

Sick ducks never go to a quack,
A horse cannot plow its own mane,
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane.

—U. N. NONE.

Up in arms—The midnight baby.

Always in fashion—The letter F.

Landmarks—Foot tracks in the hall.

An act to amend—Sewing on a button.

Something new in stockings—A cork leg

The maiden's hand of hope—A husband.

Men who pertinaciously pry into things—Burglars.

A high old time—The ancient clock in a church steeple.

On the edge of dis pair—About to become divorced.

A waterspout—Speech of a Prohibitionist on the stump.

Born to blush unseen—The young lady of African parentage.

"This is a net gain," as the spider said when he caught the fly.

"Although unseen, my influence is felt," remarked the lively flea.

A calm set—The efforts of a well meaning hen over a bogus egg.

What insect does a blacksmith manufacture?—He makes the fire fly.

Why is a tight boot like a warm summer?—Because it hastens the growth of the corn.

When you are nailing down carpets and pound your finger, it's time to try a new tack.

Why has a pig the most brains of all the animals?—Because he has a hog's-head full of them.

The only people who keep diaries for any length of time are those who keep them for sale.

Old lady, to druggist's boy: "I want to git a bottle paint, boy." Boy: "Yes'am; face or fence?"

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but we do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.

The difference between being burned out and fired out is that in the former case you get the insurance.

There are very few brass bands in a military parade that can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

Bright boy, to visiting pastor: "Now try it on me! Ma says you can put anyone to sleep in five minutes."

"Jack, please don't! You muss my hair!" But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.

The proverb says that the good die young. But if that's so, what a hard lot of sinners these old folks must be!

How to put away jellies so that they will not get mouldy?—Why, leave the pantry-door open, and if there are any children in the house they'll solve the question for you in five minutes.

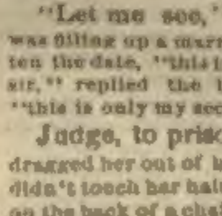
"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling up a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride, with some indignation; "this is only my second!"

Judge, to prisoner: "Your wife says you dragged her out of bed by the hair." Prisoner: "I didn't touch her hair, your Honor. It was hanging on the back of a chair, just where she put it the night before." Case dismissed.

We are never weary of reading a good epitaph—one which indicates the work of a lifetime in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instance, which needs no explanation. It was inscribed on the tomb of a canaibal: "He loved his fellow-men!"

In a race between a zebra and an ostrich, held in Zanzibar recently, the prize was given to the rider of the zebra, although the ostrich came in a hundred yards ahead. The zebra's jockey claimed that his rival won on a fowl, and the judge sustained him.

Tramp: "Could you give a bite to a poor man who hasn't eaten anything for ——" Lady of the house, shoutiar shrilly: "Tige! Tige! Come here, Tige!" Tramp, loftily: "You are calling your dog, madame; I want you to understand that I don't eat dog: I'm no Indian!" And he strode away in silent dignity.



WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES. — "Sarsaparilla," — "Cough and Consumption Remedy," — "Hops and Buchu," — "Extract," — "Hair Tonic," — "Liver Pills," — "Plasters," (Porous-Electrical), — "Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

THE MAIL CAR.—A most interesting place to visit is a postal mail car. The inside is divided into little compartments answering to the names of the States or towns to which the various letters are going, and the clerk learns to toss them very deftly into the proper places. He has to work rapidly, and has no time to waste trying to decipher illegible addresses.

For instance, he may have a letter intended for "gGy," as an envelope was once addressed, but it takes him some time to guess that Georgia is the State meant. Another letter was addressed to "jimmyka plan," which he puzzled over until he thought of Jamaica Plain as the probable destination.

The mail pouches are caught up at the stations where the train makes no stop, by means of a long iron rod having a hook on the end, and so adjusted as to pick up the bag from the platform. The postal clerk then takes the pouch and turns it bottom upwards to shake out its contents.

At one time a freshly-sealed letter happened to be the first that was dropped into a bag. Some of the mucilage, or whatever the sealing material was, remained on the outside of the envelope, so that the letter, when pressed by the weight of others on top, adhered fast to the canvas of the bag, and thus remained for nearly three years before it was discovered.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—It was at a railway refreshment room. The passenger was hungry and in a hurry.

"Please pass me them portaters, mister," he said, addressing an elegant gentleman who sat next him.

The latter slowly focussed his gold eyeglasses on the speaker.

"Did you think that I was one of the waiters?" he asked icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, expecting to see the man shrivel up; but no such phenomenon took place.

He turned and beckoned to the nearest waiter.

"George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked "George."

"I wanted to apologize to you—that is all. You see, I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now, pass me them portaters and we'll go on with the meal."

THE mother of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in the field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother, "is it you or your brother?" "Why do you ask?" inquired the lad prudently. "Because if it is your brother I will box his ears." "It is not my brother, it is I." "Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it." "No, mother, I am wearing my own one." "Good heavens!" shrieked the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother after all."

A SPINSTER FRIEND called on Mrs. Clutterbuck in the afternoon, and over a quiet cup of tea they enjoyed a most interesting conversation on the merits and demerits of a neighbor residing over the way. "How on earth that poor man puts up with it I don't know," observed Mrs. Cluttlebuck, "for, if you'll believe me, she's out forty times a day, and she's never out less than an hour at a time."

A TOUCHING sight was presented in a San Francisco court room. It was that of a married couple—the wife 85, and the husband 7 years younger—who had been arrested on the charge of drunkenness. They were sent to the almshouse.

LOG CABIN LOGIC.

Brawn and Brain!

The powerful engine, with its wonderful propelling power, coupled to the long train full freighted with the richest fabrics of the intellectual looms of the centuries—what obstacles can stay the progress of this mighty force, when once under full steam along life's highway?

The American with brawn and brain does not see the necessity for titles of nobility, does not care for elevation by descent, he can reach out and pluck the stars.

But with brawn or brain impaired, a man is badly handicapped in the mad race for success which is the marked characteristic of the present age.

The physical system is a most intricate piece of machinery. It ought to be kept well regulated, so that it will work harmoniously in all its parts, then it is capable of an immense amount of work.

It is said that a watch, if expected to keep perfect time, must be wound daily. It will not keep good time unless it "runs regular." More men break down because they don't "run regular" than from any other reason.

It is claimed by physicians that few men are killed by hard work. It is to the irregularities of modern social life that the high death rate is due. Men burn their candle at both ends, then wonder why it burns out so quickly.

The main thing in keeping the human machine in good working order is to keep the regulator all right. "The blood is the life," and sound health is assured so long as the blood flows through the veins a limpid stream of purity.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, the old fashioned blood purifier, prepared after the best formula in use by our ancestors in good old Log Cabin days, and with the vigor of brawn and brain which must ensue, in your life's lexicon you will find no such word as fail.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 68 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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A Watch for $38
Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75.00 Watch.
Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully & economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co. until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the
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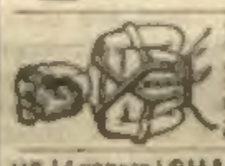
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.



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The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. S. De Saussure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

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In the autumn of 1887 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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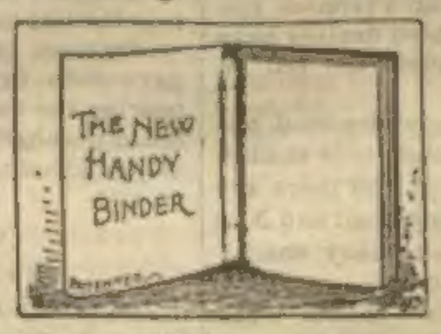

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The redingote gown is very simple and likely to be very popular. It is made with the skirt cut and plaited separately. The bodice is tight-fitting, peaked in front, and remains entirely open, with revers all the way down. The skirt is also open in front; it is arranged in flat double plaits. The swallow pattern is a favorite one for this redingote. It is made of silk pekin in wide black and white stripes, with the plastron of silk-front either of white or black lace or light-colored silk.

Yokes and yoke effects are multiplying on young ladies' fall costumes, and take on all sorts of shapes, square, rounded or cut in points that extend nearly to the waist in front and terminate at the middle of the back.

Upon new dresses the yokes, which are invariably of a different fabric and color from the rest of the gown, are substituted in many cases from the vest and plastrons, a girdle of the same fabric as the yoke being very frequently added, with the upper portion of the sleeve, like the gown and the cuff or Medici puff below the elbow, made of the yoke material.

Large plaids are constantly appearing among new woolen goods designed for the English costumes such as are now made with draped-plaid skirt and bodice of plain cloth of fine diagonal wool or India cashmere.

There are dark-blue fabrics, with terra-cotta bars, or those with Roman-red lines four or five inches apart, with olive or yellow added to the penciled lines.

Dark rifle-green wools are similarly plaited, and bronze-brown grounds have bars of chamois color, with fine scarlet bars as an outline. Such plaids are also shown in velvet for combining with pilot cloth and lighter woolens, or else forming an entire skirt, over which a graceful second skirt is draped.

New serges, camel's-hair goods, cashmeres and vigognes are exhibited, with stripes, checks, plaids of large size; and odd borderings in Persian Japanese patterns.

These are likely to be very popular, but while this is the case, it does not follow that either style will predominate over the other handsome patterns in market, for there are many novel and attractive gowns made entirely of plain unpatterned fabrics.

A large number of the imported tailor costumes have a wrap to match, these grading from the long stylish English "overall" of Queen's tweed, with turban or Princess of Wales cap to correspond, to the diminutive pelerine fastened with a pretty silver clasp.

Green shades almost cover the color cards of the silks, ribbons and velvets prepared for autumn by the Lyons manufacturers; the gravish greens prevail among these, such as *roseau* or reed green, reseda, and vert-de gris, and there are also dark Florentine greens, *gazon* or turf green, and many shades of old bronze.

A great deal of gray will also be worn in the new light shade called heron gray and the darker oxide, like the dullest oxidized silver.

The granite shades of blue and gray that promise to be as popular as the Gobelin blues of last winter. Among warmer colors are *bois de voilette*, the violet-wood, which is less purple than rosewood, *vernis* like gold red in Vernis Martin furniture, and *Etrusque*, a brownish red brighter than mahogany; three shades of Veronese red and a very vivid shade which dealers have labelled "infernal" complete the list of red tints.

Dark blues are not largely imported, but there are many light porcelain bule shades. *Colombe* is a soft dove-color, and there are light willow greens, also snowball and Nile green, with azalea pink and many shades of pale rose for evening colors.

Ribbon stripes two or three inches wide of silk reps in blocks of two or three colors are woven in fine twilled wools at intervals throughout a few yards of the fabric, that are to be combined with plain wool in which the stripe merely appears as a border along one selvage; there are also satin finished stripes in these new goods, and in every importation the gray-green and gray-blue shades are conspicious. Metalic stripes and borders have a few threads of copper, or gilt or silk woven in them and there are very neat hair-striped with a plain band for border.

The gimp borders are woven to imitate passementeries in color, and there are feather borders woven in silk that looked like curled ostrich feathers stripped from their stems.

The woven striped goods have been already described, and find favor in black as well as in colored woolens; those intended to be used by ladies not wearing mourning have ⅛-in. chuddah-stripes, or else clusters of lines forming wide stripes, next dull stripes, while those for mourning dresses have crinkled stripes like crape. Corded stripes and lengthwise reps like those of Biarritz cloth are imported in black goods as well as in colors, and will be chosen for serviceable wear, as they stand brushing well, and they are also very easily kept clean.

Among the many stylish models for Fall gowns the following are specially to be noted: One, in decided shade of blue, the material being a fine quality of face cloth, is made with a pointed basque whose front is almost entirely covered with gold braid. The draperies are rather plain and straight, looped up very gracefully at the left over a skirt of tan cloth, which is also braided in gold.

A walking costume in draped cloth, made with an open jacket-basque, which allows a vest of dark green to appear. This vest is fastened with small silver buttons, the suit being sparingly trimmed with silver braid. The long draperies allow only a few inches of the kilted skirt to appear, and that being of the same dark green cloth as the vest.

A street dress had the bodice arranged to show a buttoned vest in a brilliant shade of red, the rest of the gown being in green.

The draperies are arranged in double jabot form from the right hip, the folds showing a red lining. The skirt exhibits an intricately designed braid border about eighteen inches deep.

Repped, twilled, armure and striped silk make up the bulk of autumn importations for dress silks; and there are novelties with a woven border along one selvage, while very expensive silks have a border of very fine silk embroidery.

The newest grains have medium-sized reps, and soft ottoman silks have smaller reps than those of last year. Twilled silks are not liked for their lustre (which is, however, not like the shining gloss of satin), and are repped on the wrong side, therefore not reversible; they are especially satisfactory for bodices, because they are elastic and cling to the figure. Armures have the very small diaper or bird's-eye pattern which was formerly called royal silk.

Ombre or shaded silks in stripes show oddly mixed colors, and there are many silks that are merely striped by their weaving several tones of one color. The brocades shown are also tone upon tone and in stripes of quaint figures, scrolls, Gothic arches, points, palm leaves, and geometrical designs. Velvet will be much used for the straight directoire gowns that are without drapery and is imported in the new plain colors, also in chameleon surfaces of two or three changing hues, and in stripes and large crossbars.

There appears to be quite a rage for watered silk sashes for bridesmaids, and also for fete or evening gowns. Black, white, cream, pale pink, and bright leaf green are the most generally worn.

At a recent wedding the bridesmaids' gowns were of pale pink nun's veiling, with black watered silk sashes; pink silk coats with deep mousquetaire cuffs and facings of black watered silk, relieved with narrow gold braid; ruffles of fine white muslin, edged with watered ribbon and pink roses, long black Suede gloves and long sticks of black wood, with massive gold tops, ornamented with a large bow of black ribbon and a posy of real pink roses The canes could be, in after times, transformed into the tall handles of en tout cas. The bridegroom presented them, but the bride gave each bridesmaid a gold medallion bearing the date of the marriage, and combined monogram, which was worn like a fob, attached to a black watered ribbon.

Odds and Ends.

ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Toasts.—Cut from a stale loaf of bread slices of uniform thickness, place before a brisk fire, and turn until brown and crisp, butter and keep hot.

Buttered Toast.—Toast stale bread to a delicate brown, dip in boiling water containing a little salt, spread with butter, and set in the oven.

Milk Toast.—Slice stale bread thin, toast to a delicate brown, lay in a dish; melt a pound of butter in a pint of new milk and pour over the toast.

Ham Toast.—Mince some boiled ham very fine, stir in a pint of cream, with pepper, mustard, butter and two eggs; boil and pour over nicely browned toast. Set in oven to dry.

French Toast.—Beat three eggs; add a pint of sweet milk and a pinch of salt. Cut into slices an inch thick a loaf of stale bread, dip in the egg, fry in hot butter, and sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg.

Tomato Toast.—Run a quart of tomatoes through the colander, put in a stewpan and season with butter. Cut slices of bread, toast, butter, and lay on a hot dish, and pour the tomatoes on the toast.

Sardine Toast.—Place with some oil out of the box in a covered jar a dozen sardines; when well-heated lay on well-toasted slices of bread; shake cayenne pepper over them and squeese a few drops of lemon juice over. Eat hot.

Apple Toast.—From slices of dry bread cut round cakes, spread with butter, then cut with slices of tart ripe apples, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and pieces of butter. Serve hot with cream sweetened and flavored with nutmeg.

Oyster Toast.—Boil one cup of oyster liquor, with half a cup of cream, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt; pour over some nicely toasted bread, and set in the oven for five minutes; then lay broiled oysters on the slices of toast, and serve hot.

German Toast.—Cut into thin slices a loaf of bread, soak for half an hour in sweet milk, take it out, beat two eggs, a small spoonful of butter, a table-spoon of corn starch in milk, dip the slices of bread in it and fry brown; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

Bombay Toast.—Take one ounce of anchovies, wash, bone, and pound them in a mortar with ounce of fresh butter till reduced to a paste; melt in a saucepan; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and pepper and salt to taste, and spread the mixture on some slices of nicely toasted bread. Serve very hot.

Cream Toast.—Toast slices of thin bread, lay in a covered dish and pour boiling water over them; pour the water off and let drain. Put one pint of rich sweet cream on the stove in a quart cup, with three tablespoonfuls of butter, two beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of corn starch; let boil and pour over the toast.

Sponge Cream.—Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one pint of fresh milk, place on the stove, and when it reaches the boiling point add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs previously beaten together. Remove from the fire and stir the whites of the three eggs, to be beaten stiff. Season with salt and flavor to suit. Then pour into moulds, taking care to first wet the latter, so that the cream will not stick.

Boston Muffins.—Three cups of flour, one cup of cornmeal, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, one pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of extract of cinnamon. Sift the flour, cornmeal, sugar and salt, and powder together. Rub in the butter, cold; add the eggs, beaten, milk, and extract of cinnamon; mix into a batter a little stiffer than ordinary griddle cake batter; have the griddle evenly heated all over, grease it, lay on it the muffin ring also greased, and half fill them with the batter. As soon as risen well up to the top of the rings, turn them, over, gently, with a cake turner; cook a nice brown on both sides. They should be done in seven or eight minutes.

Apples in Batter.—Peel four or five good apples, cut them like the quarters of an orange, remove the cores, and lay them in a deep dish, dissolve two oz. of castor sugar in a tablespoonful of rum (and a little water if necessary), and pour it over them; leave them to soak for an hour or two, frequently moistening them with the syrup; make a batter with one ounce of fine flour, one half ounce of sugar, quarter pint of white wine, and the well-whisked white of one egg, dip the apples into it, and put them in a baking dish with some boiling dripping; bake them in a nice pale yellow and then drain them on blotting paper, pile them in a dish, strew them with sugar and powdered cinnamon, and serve hot.

How easy it is for one to say a thing from which he can never fully recover himself as long as he lives. He may be sorry, and ask and receive the pardon of men, but in their estimation he is never afterward the same man he was before. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," and your tongue, too.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things which you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them.

To air theological or political opinions in presence of customers is to run the risk of losing their good will and trade and gaining nothing. Business and theology, or politics, never mix well. Each occupy separate spheres.

Confidential Correspondents.

SUB.—The first-named paper is published in New York city. The second is not mentioned among papers still published.

L. R. M.—If the heat generated within the body were allowed to accumulate within us, and none to be given off, it would be sufficient to raise the body to the boiling point in 36 hours.

HETTIE R.—Any administration of drugs to infants "in order to ensure sleep" is to be deprecated. We do not know whether the preparation given is harmful or not; but the idea with which it is given is certainly not right.

STAGE.—There is no such name as Frou-frou; it is a French term, that cannot possibly be rendered into English. It expresses a quality, not a substance. Generally it is taken to represent the sound made by the swishing of a silk dress.

Q. E. D.—A paste that will preserve patent leather boots, and at the same time prevent them from cracking, is made by mixing, when warm, wax with a little olive oil, lard, and oil of turpentine. It should be of the consistency of thick paste when cool.

CISSY.—Girls can never be too careful of their conduct even when they are engaged. There is nothing actually improper in such a familiar proceeding, but it is in the worst of taste to parade any lovemaking in the presence of other people.

BESSIE.—The "previous question" is a rule of order adopted to govern the proceedings of any deliberative assemby when called for by the member provided for in the rules of order. All debate cases until a decision is arrived at as to whether the "previous question" shall be put.

NICKL.—Holyrood Day, or Holy Cross Day—September 14th—was instituted on account of the recovery of a large piece of the cross by the Emperor Heraclius, after it had been taken away on the plundering of Jerusalem by Chosroes, King of Persia. Among the customs associated with this day abroad, was that of going a-nutting.

MRS. L. P.—We do not know that it is common anywhere, to make vinegar out of corn. Possibly, however, if such a thing is done, it can be managed by simply allowing fermentation to continue until the mass has passed through its different stages and the acetous is arrived at. The ordinary methods, however, of vinegar making seem to us both surer, simpler, and cheaper.

BUSTO.—There are no national "legal" holidays, but Christmas and the Fourth of July are observed by all the States in the Union as such. Thanksgiving is observed as a legal holiday in thirty-five States, and New Year's day by all the States but five. Washington's birthday is a legal holiday in all the States but eight. Decoration Day is a legal holiday in sixteen States; Election day in ten States; Fast day in six; Good Friday in four, and Labor day in two.

FRED. K.—There is no doubt that many a man has been driven to ruin by a bad wife, as you say; nor is there any doubt that many a woman has been driven to ruin by a bad husband. Your argument that wives should do all in their power to keep their husbands in the right path, and to keep them from getting discouraged, is a very good one; but it will apply with equal force to husbands, and is too often lost sight of. The fact is, the keeping of the domestic hearth bright and cheerful, must be a matter of mutual concern and effort on the part of both husband and wife, or else it cannot be done at all.

ECCENTRIC.—We should be very happy to recommend you something if it lay in our power, but the voice is so dependent on the condition of the general health and many other things, that it is almost impossible to suggest except in a general way. What will strengthen and assist it in one person will have no effect on another. Careful attention to the general health and regular living are the best aids to the voice and lungs. Plenty of open air exercise is also desirable. There is an old-fashioned aid to a weak or worn voice that is within the reach of everybody—a little bit of anchovy eaten immediately before speaking or singing is said to have a wonderful effect in clearing the voice.

J. C. B.—The best man at a wedding would not have anything to do with giving away the bride; that duty devolves on her father, uncle, or some old friend. Neither would he have to take the bride's bouquet or gloves; that is the bridesmaid's duty. He should stand behind the bridegroom in the church, having accompanied him there, pay the fees for him if he wishes it, and he should also be one of those who sign the register after the newly married couple. On leaving the church, the chief bridesmaid is his special charge, and should there be a wedding breakfast and toasts are proposed, he would have to return thanks for the bridesmaids.

MARY.—To your query as to "who built the Egyptian Pyramids," we can only say that it is a moot point. The Arabians think that they were built by King Saurid before the Deluge. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, ascribes them to his countrymen during their captivity. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus state that 360,000 men were employed in building that of Cheops. Aristotle says, and the opinion is generally received, that the work was set on foot to keep the common people well employed and poor in earning their daily bread, so that they should have no leisure for conspiring as traitors. According to Herodotus, 1,600 talents of silver were spent in providing leeks, onions, and other food for them. It was to this ready-provided diet that the Israelites looked back when in the wilderness.

WENANS.—1. When for the possessive of names ending in "s" a second "s" is used, as in "Simmonds's," the pronunciation is affected; and it would be Sim-monds-es. When no second "s" is added, there is no such difference. In this case you must be careful to let the apostrophe come after the "s" (Simmonds'). Both forms are correct: whether the one or the other is employed is only a matter of taste. 2. The average Scottish stature is 68·7 inches; Irish, 67·90; English, 67·38; Welsh, 68·03—a mean of 67·85. Among Polynesian tribes it is 69·23; Patagonians, 69; American whites in the United States, 67·77; Zulus, 67·19; American negroes, 66·62; Jews, 66·57; French upper classes, 65·14; Germans, 68·10; Arabs, 66·06; Russians, 66·04; French working classes, 65·34; Hindoos, 64·70; Chinese, 64·27; Bushman of South Africa, 62·75.